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The Bird Cage
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racism No.1 health problem

The Joint Commission on Mental Health of Children, set up as part of the Social Security Act of 1965, is in the process of a 3-year study of mental illness among the nation's children. In an interim report already released, the Commission states that RACISM IS THE NUMBER ONE PUBLIC HEALTH PROBLEM FACING AMERICA TODAY. The conscious and unconscious attitudes of superiority which permit and demand that a majority oppress a minority are a clear and present danger to the mental health of all children and their parents. Traditionally, the criteria for defining public health problems are: (1) a problem that threatens a large number of people; (2) a problem that costs a large sum of money; (3) a problem that is impossible to treat on an individual and private basis; and (4) a problem that could cause chronic sustained disability.

This committee believes that the racist attitude of Americans which causes and perpetuates tension is patently a most compelling health hazard. Its destructive effects severely cripple the growth and development of millions of our citizens, young and old alike. Yearly, it directly and indirectly causes more fatalities, disabilities, and economic loss than any other single factor.

The response to date by the mainstream culture has not been amelioration of grievances but punitive action. There have been few basic social and economic changes directed toward altering the value system of this society. There has been tragically little self-examination. The pathology of denial and lack of awareness have reached massive proportions. This indifference has robbed all Americans of the psychic energy so necessary for health functioning.

The country must outgrow its legacy of racism. There must be massive outpourings of resources, both financial and human, if the problems are to be resolved. A minority child in the ghetto must grow up seeing himself and his life as having positive value. The white child must be equipped to live as a member of a multiracial world. The mutual distrust so prevalent in this country is leading to the polarization of Americans.

There is much interest and speculation as to whether the Nixon lawn order government will allow a report with such conclusions to be released. It was scheduled to be submitted to the Commission this year.

CHICAGO TRIALS

CHICAGO (LNS) -- The smoke is cleared from the battle of Chicago, but the legal war lingers on. Of the 670 persons arrested, more than 70% have been convicted.

In the vast majority of cases, defendants pleaded guilty to a charge of obstructing traffic and paid a $50 fine. This proved appealing for those who live out-of-state, given the cost of travel in time and money.

Now, the city is zeroing in on 55 "hard-core" cases, which will begin being heard later this month. In addition, a Federal Grand Jury is currently considering issuing indictments for the arrest of key activists on charges of violating the inter-state riot act. Among those who are likely targets for the use of this Act, with its questionable constitutionality, are Jerry Rubin, Tom Hayden, Dave Dellinger, Abbie Hoffman, and Rennie Davis.

Money for legal defense is badly needed. Checks can be sent to the Chicago Legal Defense Committee, 127 No. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

SHOOT A PIG!!

FREE PRESS WILL NEED PHOTOGRAPHS AND EYEWITNESS ACCOUNTS OF INHOGURATION ACTION FOR NEXT ISSUE. Call 638-6377/9 or 232-5725 BEFORE Jan. 26th.

SOLDIERS MEET

A National Conference on the "Human Rights of the Man in Uniform" will be held April 24-27 at the Sheraton Park Hotel here in Washington, D.C. For more information, write Gus Tyler, American Veterans Committee, 1333 Conn. Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20036. Phone: 202-293-4890.

WASKOW SUES STAR

Arthur Waskow, of 1-A classification fame has filed a libel suit against the Washington Evening Star and the Associated Press. At the time of his reclassification to 1-A status they ran a story reporting Mr. Waskow to be one of the 4 people convicted in the Boston draft conspiracy case, with 2 years in jail and $5,000 fine. As is customary, the Star ran a small box -- concerning the suit. Although in some circles this may actually be considered the opposite of a loss in face, Mr. Waskow believes that such journalistic distortion is worthy of a slap of the hand. Say $100,000 ----

HELP!

THE FREE PRESS was forced to leave 3 THOMAS CIRCLE last week. We are putting the paper out from people's homes. We desperately, desperately need a space. If anyone knows of a commercially zoned space in the Dupont to Washington Circle area, please call 638-6377. Paper sellers can get the paper at the Bird Cage, the Joint Possession, and Marco Polo.

4 LETTER WORDS SPREADING

CHICAGO (LNS) -- "I'm afraid we may lose some of our important four-letter words", Dr. Taddeus Kostrubala, assistant professor of psychiatry at the Northwestern University Medical School, said recently while commenting on the spreading use of "dirty words" in speech and in print.

"Look what happened to the English word 'bloody'", he said. "It means nothing now, except in small subcultural areas. So I'm a little worried. If the history of language repeats itself, our good old swear words are going to be incorporated in general usage -- and we'll have to come up with something new. In fact, I think this is already happening, and there's some really super-foul stuff coming up now." He did not specify any of the super-foul words.

Cover photo taken by C.J. Costello

FBI PLEADS:

DON'T PICK ON US

Paul Krassner when appearing on the Merv Griffin Show last week boasted that he was harboring Eldridge Cleaver. The next day arrived the FBI, "Don't you know it's against the law to harbour a fugitive from justice?"

"JUSTICE!", interjected Krassner. "Surely you jive. Besides it's no crime to lie on national television. The FBI does it all the time. Verily under oath I would deny it."

The FBI man responded, "Why does everyone pick on the FBI as an organization? Why can't you believe that we are simply a group of individuals interested in the welfare of our country?"

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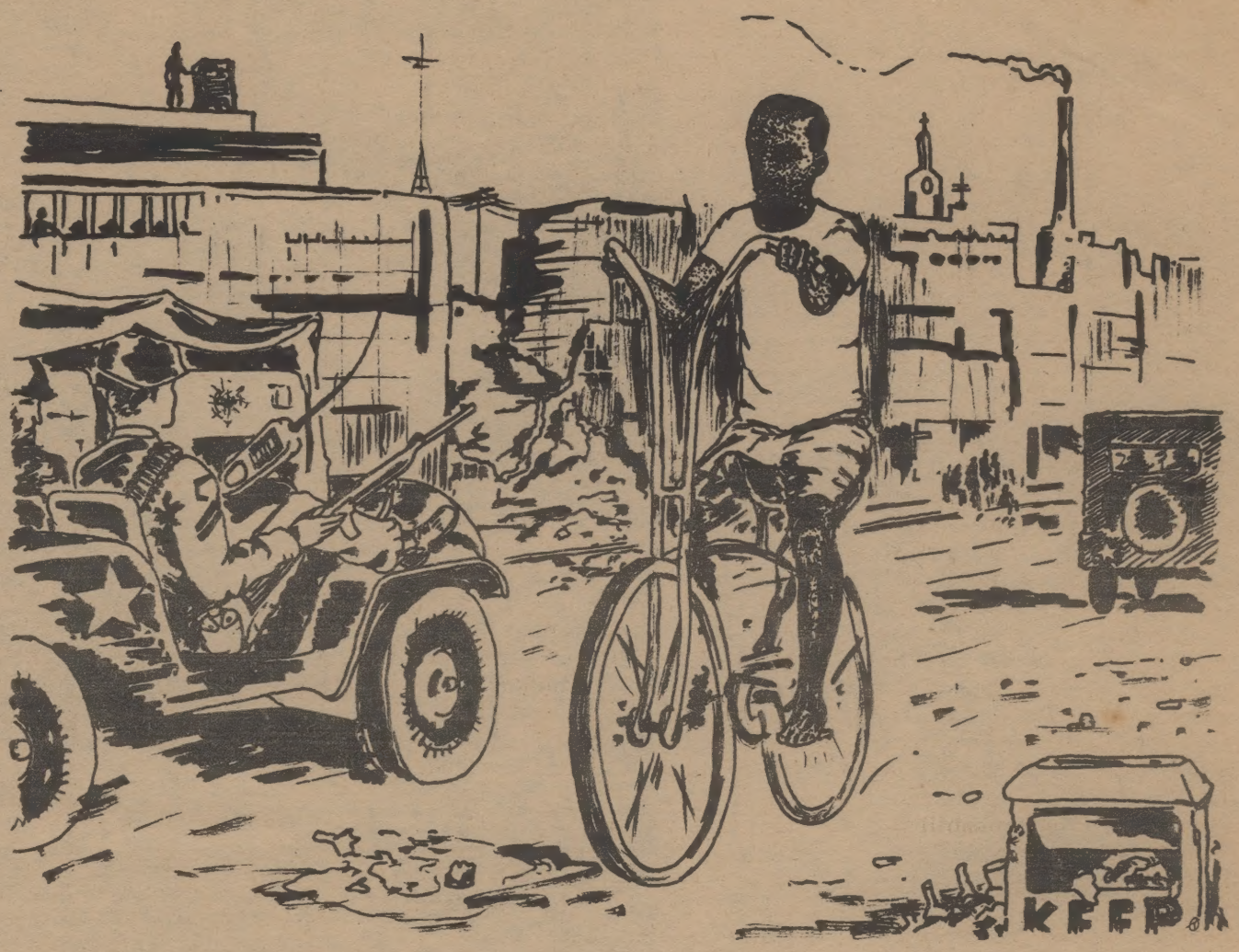
SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT WASHINGTON, D.C.

FIRST STATE POLICE STATE



A call from Wilmington, Delaware to join in demanding withdrawal of the troops has beenmade. Their demonstration coincides with the inauguration of a new Lawn Order Government, Jan. 21. The National Guard has been in Wilmington for over nine months. Scores of black leaders have been arrested under riot offenses while no emergency exists. The state legislature immunized the Guard from criminal acts while on duty. Armed policemen are in the high schools.

Following the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr. last April, the black community of Wilmington, Delaware expressed its bitterness and grief in what is by now the traditional way: like their brothers in cities throughout America, black Wilmingtonians took to the streets.

Compared to what happened in other cities, the outbreak was mild. There were no deaths and no major injuries. Property damage was estimated at less than $250,000. The reaction to the disturbances on the part of elected officials, however, was anything but mild.

On March 29, almost a week before the King murder, Delaware Governor Charles Terry said he had "police intelligence reports" of expected disorders and placed Guard units on alert in Wilmington and Dover. On April 9, the morning after the first post-assassination uprisings in Wilmington, Terry responded to Mayor John Babiarz' call for 500 Guardsmen by mobilizing, for the first time in Delaware history, the entire 4,000 man strength of the Delaware Army and Air National Guard. More than 3,500 armed men responded.

Between April 8 and 13, more than 370 persons were arrested, including 67 juveniles, and 157 persons were jailed. Mayor Babiarz put the total number of arrests as high as 714. Most of these arrests were for curfew violations, but many were arrested under an Emergency Riot Act passed August 4, 1967, following Delaware's first black rebellion.

This Emergency Act had been voted by both houses of the state legislature and signed by the Governor in a single day. According to this law, those arrested for damaging property during a declared emergency may be punished by not less than three nor more than ten years in prison without any chance of parole for the first three years. Persons 16 years of age or over are to be considered adults and treated accordingly. But one need not destroy property to be considered guilty under this act. Merely urging someone to destroy property, even if that person does nothing, makes one liable for the full penalty!

Mayor Babiarz lifted a city-wide curfew and declared the situation under control on Easter Sunday, April 14. But the Governor refused to withdraw the Guard troops, saying he had "intelligence reports" forecasting violence the next day. There was none.

On April 29, Douglas Henry, Jr., a black man accused of burglary was shot and killed in the custody of the police by an inexperienced clerk-typist in the Guard. No charges were filed against the Guardsman, but the state legislature passed a bill absolving the Delaware National Guard from any civil or criminal action resulting from deeds performed in the line of duty while under state mobilization orders.

In the face of such action at the state level, Mayor Barbiarz formally ended the emergency on May 1. To support his action, the Mayor withdrew city police from their joint patrols with the Guardsmen. Governor Terry still refused to remove the Guard. The legal basis for his action is unclear and has never been challenged in the courts. It is also unclear whether or not the Emergency Riot Act is still in effect, but persons have been arrested and charged under its provisions since the Mayor's announcement.

Since spring the situation has changed very little. Troops -- somewhat less than 50 men in radio-equipped jeeps -- still patrol the city's black community every night, only now they ride with Delaware State Troopers (since the Guard does not have the power to arrest). Ostensibly the Guardsmen are present for the purpose of riot prevention, and their only task is to disperse assemblies which could be the focus for larger, more hostile, gatherings. From the point of view of the ghetto resident, however, it all adds up to a white occupation army. The Wilmington police force has fewer than 10 Negroes; the National Guard is 97% white.

The police have taken advantage of the Guard's presence to decimate the young grass roots leadership of the ghetto. The harrassment of militant black leaders had been going on in Wilmington for some time. In one notable case in February 1968, three young blacks were charged with assault and battery on a police officer, resisting arrest, and disorderly conduct. They were acquitted on 7 of the 10 charges and the city chose not to prosecute them on the other three charges because -- as the City Solicitor admitted in open court -- one of the policemen involved gave false testimony. The policeman took advantage of the Fifth Amendment fourteen times, and is still on the Wilmington police payroll.

The April rebellion provided a rationale for handling the harrassment problem in a different way. With the National Guard patrolling the streets, any organizing effort on the part of blacks could be termed a violation of law and order. Indeed, the logic of the situation encouraged the police to use their powers of arrest indiscriminately: the more arrests they made, the more convincing would be the argument that the Guard was needed; the more the Guard was needed, the longer it would stay; the longer it stayed, the longer the police would be free to work at the destruction of indigenous black leadership.

On June 6, 1968, 27 young blacks, none older than 17, were at a party in a private home. Police entered without a search warrant and arrested everyone present for disorderly conduct. The apartment was searched for alcohol and marijuana, but nothing was found. At police headquarters, the girls were forced to strip in front of male officers. After being placed in cells, they began singing "We Shall Overcome" An officer told them to shut up, and when they persisted, they were maced. Several were hospitalized. The case against them was dismissed in court, the police involved were never disciplined, and not a word appeared in the press.

More serious are the incidents involving leaders of the Wilmington Youth Emergency Action Council (WYEAC). WYEAC was formed in the summer of 1966 after the death of a local gang leader. It was originally a loose coalition of "gang" youth supported by local church-related agencies. During Wilmington's first rebellion (July 28 and 29, 1967), WYEAC "proved" its worth by spending three days and nights in the streets cooling things off.

In July 1967, WYEAC received its first federal funds for a ten-week summer project. The goals were to "change the relationship between the official establishment of Wilmington and the youth who believe that Wilmington does not care for them and in turn don't give a damn for Wilmington." For the following year WYEAC was to operate on a $289,625 budget of which $100,000 came from federal OEO funds, $22,854 from Wilmington churches and private agencies, and $166,771 to be raised by the Greater Wilmington Development Council (GWDC) from individuals, foundations, and corporations. The budget for the coming year was to have included $318,000 from OEO and $140,000 from GWDC.

On August 25, the police were in the northeast Wilmington area on a supposed tip-off. They heard several shots fired and saw several patrol cars, state police cars, and National Guard jeeps converging on a van belonging to WYEAC. The police found seven persons in the home of Mrs. Lois Brown and arrested them for unlawful entry. The four

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NEW NEW NEW SCHOOL

by MICHAEL GROSSMAN

I have become depressed a lot thinking about locked doors, patrol cars, junkies, burns, busts, hustlers, strung-out fifteen-year olds, fragmented heads, psychos, egomaniacs, greasers and power freaks, and Simon and Garfunkle singing "the underground is closing soon." I look around and see so few people doing anything good with their lives. We are turning out to be the most cynical generation ever.

Sweet Jack

Sweet Jack
The encroaching coachman
Is a long lover
In bathroom mirrors and the back seat
It's no secret
He the rex of the alcohol erection.
A White Tower charmer
Cherry popper
Slut hopper
Is drag city Jack
Classroom conquistador of the crotch
Jack on Sweet Jack.

Ted Watts (New School)

The New School is 25 people involved in an educational experiment. In describing it I am reluctant to use the word "school" or any other term normally associated with one. They call it an educational community -- it is a group of beautiful and excited people involved in a common experience. I've seen that excitement only a few times, sometimes at the Free Press, at Liberation News Service in New York, and in some movement projects. It comes from a real sharing in the building of one's own environment.

One of the first stories I was told when I visited the school was of two teachers who were forced to leave because they were doing an "authoritarian thing". They had wanted more structure, greater definition of roles; they couldn't adjust to an organic community.

The school grew out of a series of discussion groups which started last April. They were organized by Joel Denker, then a teacher at Blair.

They got a house, appeals were made to students in the metropolitan area, and a core of high school students fed up with the public school system came out of it.

One way or another they got their parents' approvals: "Either I go here or I don't go anywhere. Either I stay here in Washington for the year or travel all over the place and they wouldn't have had any idea of where I was." Another said that it was merely "a process of gradually talking to them and telling them what school is all about. You just tell them you're not learning anything in the public school system and that it is a waste of time." Another said he had been "dropped out by my administrators."

The school has courses in psychology, poetry, utopian community, dance, philosophy, art, science, math, Indian culture, music and French. Most of these things seemed to be integrated into the living experience of the community. An interest and involvement in music in particular seems to bind them together. I came away feeling that a real creative thing was happening. The community is full of warmth -- you can sense that they feel they are into a good trip with their lives. One told me how "we can

go anywhere and no matter how dead it is we can have our own thing." They go to the rock things in town where everyone sits on their asses and nods to the music (receptors -- never actors), and they come and dance, jump, freak, happen.

In class they talk about Siddhartha and Gide's Immoralist, and they relate it to their own lives. At first there was uneasiness, but Denker told me "As people felt more confident to talk to each other and demand things of each other there was less politeness and less of the feeling, which was somewhat there at the beginning, that of being in a high school class where you just go 'cause you're supposed to and not because you are involved in a shared experience."

It seems everywhere I have gone or seen that has talked about a community of scholars or real participation of students has been hypocritical and unsuccessful. Progressive education is dead -- it's always one group of people's enlightened view of what another group of people need and want.

I once thought of teaching at Hawthorne School, a so-called progressive school, and had this rap laid on me about how difficult it was to motivate high school students -- that they were into their drugs and nothing else. But then I walked out and a pedant was lecturing dry irrelevant bullshit to 70-80 kids. Another teacher told me to play the game and go to the faculty lounge -- be cool and talk to the other teachers, about what? About why those kids in a separate lounge don't care.

An environment that can really stimulate young people -- people acutely aware of their own lack of freedom -- has to break through to the level of their struggle to find meaning.

It means destruction of old distinctions between teacher and student, between learned and learner, and between adult and adolescent. It means throwing away all the preconceptions. Denker says that "Unless we become capable of changing our own lives, of confronting these old values, we will have changed nothing."

Joel's real concern and warmth undoubtedly play a large part in setting the tone of openness. It is equally a result of what he describes as a "jarring awareness" on the students' part of the difference between what they want and what school offers.

I suspect that the sense of involvement in starting and building the school might be lost on students who come in a year from now, when there will be those who have worked out certain things and new people who will have to deal with others' definitions. Maybe there should be a new school started each year. One student called the community "an encounter group -- except there are no leaders." Possibly the community is so infectious and open that it can embrace and grow with new personalities and experiences and be able to continue organically.

"WE CAN GO ANYWHERE AND NO MATTER HOW DEAD IT IS WE CAN HAVE OUR OWN THING."

How did a boy sing
Over crisped weeds
Boots of doom
Harmonica dust and sun sludge
Of his railroad way

He sand echoes in the crumpled conductor's memory.

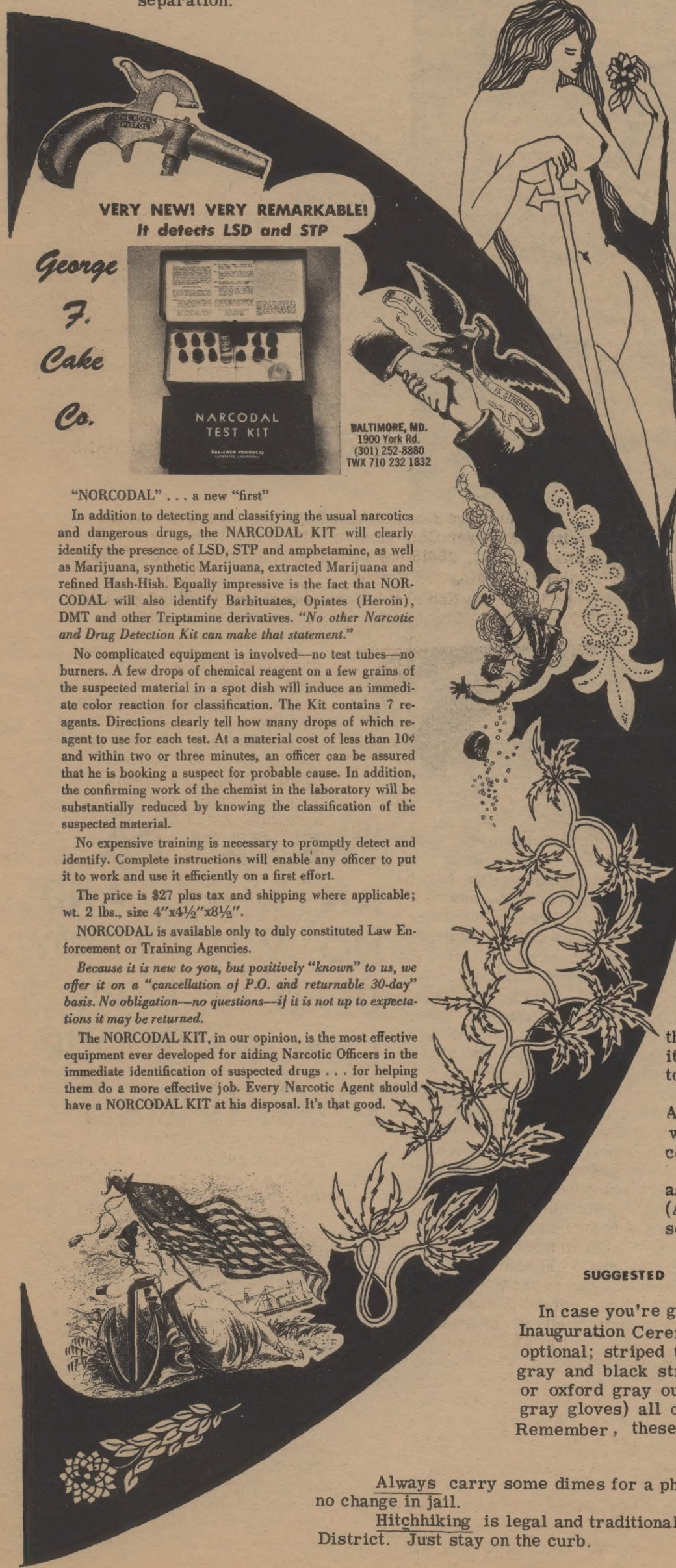
Ted Watts (New School)

TOP COPS

Over 100 teen-agers, mostly from poverty neighborhoods, have been put in the Rochester N.Y. and Hartford Connecticut police payrolls. The youths are paid to shadow their friends ("patrol recreational areas") and then squeal on them ("submit reports on unsafe conditions"). The youths (Teens-On-Patrol TOP) also collect information on drug use("supervise locations where teen-agers congregate"), harrass welfare registrants (work with other city departments"), and train for counter-revolutionary action during rebellions("protect citizens and property").

THOMAS JEFFERSON 1743-1826
When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's Good entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States, and will do the best of my ability, to preserve protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."
-- Article II Section I



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FLAMING FLAG

Reprinted from San Francisco Chronicle, Dec. 19, 1968

A man who admitted burning an American flag was sentenced in Federal Court here yesterday (Dec. 18) to four months in jail.

John E. Kangas, 25, is the first person in the nation to be jailed under the flag-burning law enacted six months ago.

He pleaded guilty to burning a small hand flag on the steps of the Federal Building here November 14 during an anti-draft rally.

DRAG

RIO DE JANEIRO (LNS) -- Rio's transvestites have begun a campaign against an official ban on drag dances, long a feature of the pre-Lenten carnival in Rio. An order banning the dances was signed recently by the state security secretary. A spokesman for the transvestites said they'd show up at the gala balls at the Municipal Theater and classy hotels in high drag. "In any case, I doubt if anyone would spot us -- even the police", one queen told reporters.

ACID

LOS ANGELES (LNS) -- Augustus Owsley Stanley III, 34, the acid man, has been acquitted of a recent drug charge. Superior Court Judge Paul W. Egly ruled that there was insufficient evidence to connect Owsley with the alleged sale of 500 caps to an under-cover agent at Los Angeles International Airport on Jan. 24, 1968.

HELP HELP

The KALEIDOSCOPE, a brother underground paper from Milwaukee has had all kinds of shit piled on them. Local terror groups have firebombed its offices, shot out and firebombed its editor's car, and attacked street sellers. The State of Wisconsin has sentenced its editor to two years in jail and a $2,000 fine, on two counts of publishing obscenity. Send them a buck or two or even subscribe. Send to P.O. BOX 5457, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

A-B-C DEFECT

BONN (LNS) -- Three scientists employed by the West German government recently defected to the East, saying that they were fed up with the warmongering goals of science in the West.

Dr. Ehrenfried Petras, a 38-year old microbiologist, quit his post at the Aerobic Biology Institute in Grafschaft because "it became clear to me that the institute was solely concerned with the preparation of A-B-C (atomic, bacteriological, chemical) warfare.

NO TOKING

LOS ANGELES (LNS) -- Western Airlines has revealed that many of its passengers are turning on -- on board. Wayne Lichtgarn, manager of customer relations, said that the aroma of marijuana has become commonplace in aircraft cabins. "Now we have three problems which sometimes cause annoyance to passengers -- cigars, pipes and marijuana", he said. "And some people get quite indignant when you tell them smoking pot is not allowed."

TWO VIRGINS SEIZED

Newark NJ pigs seized nearly 30 thousand album covers for the John Lennon-Yoko Ono LP Two Virgins, four days prior to its January 6 release date. Legal action is being contemplated to free the unclothed forms of Lennon and friend.

Meanwhile Apple is moving to LA in order to exploit the rich American market, just as US companies do in the rest of the world, including Britain It should be larger than its British counter-part in no time at all.

The Beatles are going to make their first live LP, as well as perform before an audience for the first time in two years (August 66-San Francisco), at a TV special taping tentatively set for January 18. Invitation only.

SUGGESTED DRESS

In case you're going, the "suggested dress" for the Official Inauguration Ceremony is (official party-club coat, cut away optional; striped trousers; four-in-hand necktie with silver or gray and black stripes; white shirt with turndown collar; black or oxford gray outercoat, velvet collar optional; Homburg; gray gloves) all others-warm outdoor clothing.
Remember, these are only hints, wear whatever you want.

Always carry some dimes for a phone call -- no change in jail.

Hitchhiking is legal and traditional in the District. Just stay on the curb.

Boys and Girls:

I open this column with a word from Mr. J. Edgar Hoover: "There continued to be an increase in the volume of Selective Service Action violations referred to us (he holds some sort of position at a government agency called FBI), during the fiscal year 1967, a total of 29,228 viclations being received. This represented an average influx of more than 2,400 a month as contrasted to approximately 1,775 a month in 1965." (Keep up the good work, fellas!)

"Convictions have also risen substantially, these having jumped from 243 in 1965 to 763 in 1967, resulting in an increase of 116 per cent in 1967 over 1966 alone." (Big deal: 763 out of 29,228 were reported violations. My God, that's less than 3% of us getting caught! The moral is obvious....)

"Since August 30, 1965 we have received 300 reports alleging draft card destruction or mutilation. Investigation confirmed the acts in 163 instances. To date, prosecution has been authorized by the Attorney General in 25 of these cases. Convictions were obtained as to 14 individuals, seven others are awaiting trial, and indictments on the remaining four have been dismissed." (That's less than 5% of those reported.)

(The basic fact here is: almost nobody is getting successfully prosecuted for draft violations, mostly because they just don't have the manpower. How tragic it is that guys let a 3% chance push them into the Army or keep them silent.)

GENERAL MARSBARS

Dear General Marsbars:

I am 21. I attended 3 years of under-graduate college at GW University. Then I spent one year in VISTA, with a II-A classification. Now my local board tells me I can't get my II-S student deferment back because I "interrupted" my education. Help!

GEORGE M.

Dear George:

Tell your local board to stop insulting General Hershey (no relation to me) by ignoring his press releases. Tell them to dig out of the waste basket the one for July 12, 1968 and read it. In case they have burned their trash, here's what it said: "Local Board Memorandum (these things are called LBM's which also happen to be his initials -- subtle, no?) 83 needs clarifying. Q.: I finished two years of college and was deferred in II-A while with the Peace Corps. I have just returned from two years with the Corps and wish to re-enter college. Am I still eligible for a II-S classification? A.: Yes. A registrant who re-enters school as an undergraduate and who has been classified in either Class II-A (occupational) or IV-D (ministerial or seminarian) since his last full-time attendance shall not be considered to have failed to meet the requirements pertaining to 'satisfactorily pursuing a full-time course of instruction' as specified in Selective Service Regulations. It should be noted, however, that you will continue to be eligible for a II-S student deferment only until you complete the requirement for your baccalaureate degree, fail to satisfactorily pursue a full-time course of instruction, or reach your 24th birthday, whichever occurs first." Right from the horse's mouth, George.

GENERAL MARSBARS

P.S. The Selective Service Law Reporter mentions that the Scientific Manpower Commission, 2101 Constitution Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20418 has published a booklet entitled "Draft Facts for Graduates and Graduate Students", outlining recent changes in the law and regulations concerning II-A and graduate II-S deferments. Cost: 50¢. Write directly to the SMC.

by Christopher Cooper

Robert Welch, head of the 100,000 member John Birch Society, writing in the monthly magazine of his party, has called for the formation of action committees to meet the pressing need for "the movement to restore decency by a nationwide, organized, intensive and angry determined opposition to SEX education in public schools. A majority of the American people", he wrote, "are not aware of this FILTHY COMMUNIST PLOT. Sex education is a Communist plot to destroy one whole generation of American youth, to convert the generation into directionless and unprincipled wastrels bent on destroying the concept of morality."

Police dogs trained to respond to English and German are, according to Police Chief Robert Snell of Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, most effective in stamping out teen-age parties in the open fields and abandoned buildings. The chief said kids used to scatter when police arrived but now with the help of the dogs "we march them all right to the station without any trouble."

U.S. Ambassador Komer took his loud mouth to a Turkish University in Ankara and attacked left-wing student movements. He then proceeded to have lunch with the University's president. Lunch was delayed as Komer watched from a second-story window 15 students using crow bars to overturn his car, stuffing gasoline-soaked rags around its wheels, and promptly set it ablaze. Police attempting a bust were reminded that they had no right to be on campus and were forced to leave. Komer watched his car burn and then sat down to lunch as students outside the window shouted "Killer Komer".

Screwworms caused the death of a Texas farm woman. A White House spokesman hotly denied that the screwworm victim was any kin to Lady Bird.

Objectivity in the news. "Communists kidnap entire South Vietnamese village." Good lie, Chet. Good lie, Dave. And a good lie for NBC news. Tomorrow they will talk about Americans "re-locating" South Vietnamese villagers. A scared kid will be photographed having a chocolate bar stuffed in his mouth by Good Guy, the American GI.

Male impersonator Ronald Reagan currently cast as a Neo-Roman Governor has shrieked that he'll keep San Francisco State open at bayonet point if necessary so "that the majority of students can attend classes." Reagan says the majority is in class and only a minority is picketing. Classes haven't had over 30% attendance since the strike resumed in January. And half of the department heads have refused to send names of picketing teachers to the acting president of the college. Meanwhile the State is trying to railroad bills through the legislature that will make it a felony to interfere with the "educational process". What kind of education is an educational process, the questioning of which will land you in jail? That's an easy question. And it has an easy answer. Next time it will be shit pie...in the streets.

New Zealand is sending 19 rabbits to Vietnam (3 males and 16 females) to improve quality of Vietnamese rabbits which has rapidly deteriorated. New Zealanders don't like rabbits much anyway, as they eat their crops. Another allied nation has sent 500,000 men to change the skin coloring of the Vietnamese people. "We're trying to straighten gook eyelids through genetic infiltration", a medical aid at the USIS office in Saigon reported. "This way we can let up on our cruder methods such as plastic surgery and napalm. These gooks need a sense of identity and that's why we're here."

740 million copies of Chairman Mao's little red book are in circulation. 96 million copies of his poems.

England's newest prison will have cells with fitted carpets, bedside lamps, curtains and bed covers in colors of the inmates' choice. "I would be happy to see prisoners choose their own color schemes", the architect said. Bars are definitely out this season. Windows will provide spacious views through shatterproof glass. Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage.

French police investigating bomb blasts in the province of Brittany where DeGaulle is scheduled to visit shortly, have uncovered a 19-article charter, other documents and a pile of red and black hoods and robes, bombs, detonators, rifles and revolvers of the self-styled Breton government in exile.

Riot Sale Or Dollar Psyche Fake Out

BEN CALDWELL is a Harlem essayist-playwright-artist. His plays have been performed at Newark's Spirit House and presented on the west coast by the Black Arts Alliance.

Police Officer
Voices from crowd
Time: June 196?
Week-end
10:30 p.m.
Place: Harlem, 125th St.

Darkened store-fronts ten the area is closed for business, but there are sounds of much activity. Chaotic. People moving, talking, screaming, loudly. Threats and encouragement. The sounds of cars moving rapidly, halting abruptly. Sirens. Flashing, whirring red lights reflect from the faces of an angry, moving black crowd.

The black crowd is moving, in one direction, towards Lenox Ave. The off-on of the lights makes the action seem static. This is the prelude to the expected, overdue, violent confrontation of armed blacks with heavily-armed police forces.

A barricade of police cars and trucks is stretched perpendicular to 125th St., at Lenox Ave. The crowd has done no damage to property this time. This time property damage is not their objective. Blood. White police blood is what they want—in the name of freedom. White police stand between them and that objective. The force of blacks, now acting out this inevitable alternative, converges on the barricades. They are halted by the sight of a police officer who is dressed in a "bullet-proof" fiberglass-shingle outfit. Shots are fired and bullets are seen and heard to ricochet from his "superman" suit. He ignores the fire and addresses the loud angry crowd over a "bull-horn."

POLICE OFFICER. This is to warn you—we are prepared to handle whatever situation arises. We don't want anyone hurt or killed. You people surrender your weapons and go home—it's all over—everything will be all right.

The loud noise of a police helicopter, hovering, drowns all other noises—everyone looks up.

LOUD VOICES FROM THE CROWD. "Liar." "One of you motherfuckas killed a' innicent fifteen year old boy! We're tired of this shit!" "Ain't nobody 'fraid of dying!" "I fought in Vietnam! Let's get this shit on here!" "We tired of you fuckin' over black men and women and ruinin' our children!" "We tired of all this shit!" "We gon' git all you motherfuckas! Or die trying!" "You can't stop my people now, goddamn!" "We ready to go all the way!"

POLICE OFFICER. I repeat. We don't want to see anyone hurt or killed. You people surrender your weapons and go home. Let your appointed leaders handle your grievances and negotiate your demands.

VOICES FROM CROWD. "Die, whitey! That's the only demand!" "Motherfuck you and your trick deals." "We gon' tear this motherfuckin' town to pieces!"

POLICE OFFICER. You people leave us no alternative. Captain, call headquarters, put the master plan into action.

The armored knight rushes back behind the barricade. The crowd makes a surge forward, but they are driven back by the unleashing of tear-gas. As the gas lifts a police bus arrives. Its occupants are white men in "civilian" clothing. They are middle-aged, or old-looking, more like the 125th St. jew merchants than detectives. They disembark and confer with the uniformed police "brass," and civilian-clothed city and government officials. Suddenly explosive sounds. Tear-gas missiles are fired among the crowd. It's then that the newly-arrived old-men disperse—escorted, running, past the now disorganized crowd, by heavily-armed officers. The gas-sickened crowd spots this action. The atmosphere vibrates from the resulting bedlam. The air is filled with rock, bottle, brick, missiles. Another van-type police vehicle arrives, its whooping-cough-beast-battle siren wailing, and lights flashing, and parks between the crowd and the barricade, perpendicular to Lenox Ave. Loud threats from the crowd as they regather for another charge. Scattered gunshots. Their fire is rarely returned by the heavily armed, heavily armored, police. Occasionally a black man falls wounded. But the blacks do not retreat. Most of them stand, fearlessly, out in the open. It looks as though the black man has finally, really become himself.

VOICES FROM CROWD. "Come on man!" "Let's end this shit!" "Let's get 'em!"

POLICE OFFICER, *over bull-horn.* I'm warning you people for the last time, surrender your weapons and return home. You're endangering the lives of innocent men, women, and chil.....

His warning is interrupted—answered by a flaming Molotov cocktail. It falls short of its intended target.

LOUD VOICES. "Fuck you, Whitey!, we want our freedom! We ain't waitin' for you to give it!" "I fought in Vietnam, motherfucker, I'm ready to fight right here!"

POLICE OFFICER, *in a most sarcastic tone.* You niggers sure all you want is freedom?

LOUD VOICES. "You hear that?! Come on let's get these m.f.'s now!"

The crowd breaks into a slow charge forward. The newly arrived police vehicle goes into action—action being the opening of the sliding doors on the side facing the crowd. All that is discernible in the vague lighting is a huge muzzle projecting from the black cavernous opening. The blacks break into a faster charge towards the vehicle, hoping that proximity will defeat its purpose. The pace of the charge towards the barricade is frantic. It is halted abruptly, by the thunderous roar of a cannon. SCREAMS. PANIC. In precise synchronization to the sound of the cannon, the lights of all the stores come up. The street is neon-bright. And the cannon's missiles can be seen clearly. MONEY! Money flying high in the air, and in all directions. Paper money. No one has been injured by the blast. MONEY! Apparently millions of dollars! Fives, tens! Twenties! Millions! Again the cannon roars, belching forth more money. Utter chaos as the blacks scatter-scramble for the loot. Those few still bent on revolution are now easily subdued by the police, as their fellow "freedom fighters" now fight among themselves over the loot. The (anti-poverty) cannon roars again. Millions of dollars! Everything! The black crowd's purpose and direction is lost. Weapons are discarded while they gather money and rush to the open stores to make purchases with their new "freedom." NIGGERS, NOW, they gather money in boxes and run towards home. Niggers stuff their cars full. The laughter of the still-combat-ready cops is heard from behind the barricades, and from the rooftops, and helicopters, over the volume of this bedlam.

POLICE OFFICER'S VOICE. Look at the black bastards go after that money!

The Job

Personnel interviewer, white
Applicant #1, negro woman
Applicant #2, negro man
Applicant #3, negro man
Applicant #4, negro woman
Applicant #5, negro man
Applicant #6, black man
Applicant #7, negro man (latecomer)

Scene 1. Bright lighted office interior. 8:45 A.M. is the time on the wall clock. A large white sign hangs from the light green wall, reading, "NEW YORK OFFICE FOR N.O.," in foot-high letters. Underneath, half the size, is "PROJECT NEGRO OPPORTUNITIES." A blond, blue-eyed male is seated at a grey steel desk. There is an unoccupied chair beside the desk. A tall file cabinet is close by. Six people stand in single file line. Pink filled-out application forms in their hands. First in line is a pretty dark-complexioned young lady. Straightened hair gleaming. She wears a blue imitation leather coat, a brown skirt, a pink blouse. Her facial expression is sad. Behind her, a young man of about 20. He has on a black leather coat, white shirt, dark tie, green corduroy trousers, brown suede shoes. He is trying so hard to give the impression that he's cool, unconcerned, that he looks tense. Like he's braced against a stiff wind. Behind him is a "cat" who would be considered "clean" in the slang sense. His processed hair sparkles electrically. He wears an olive green, continental cut, entertainer's suit. Black patent leather shoes. The cuffs of his clean yellow shirt hang far beneath his jacket sleeves. Large cuff links. Every now and then he hums the melody of a current popular R & B tune, ("Cool Jerk") and does a little step to relieve his boredom. Behind is a woman of about 35. She has on a fur collared black wool coat, a printed scarf is tied on her head. She looks bored, tired, disgusted. Behind her is a slumped negro man who looks tired from years of hard life and working. He has worked in the clothes he's wearing. Behind him is a tall black man. His hair long, bushy. His black sports coat is much too small. His much-washed khaki trousers are too short. He has dirty white sneakers

BEN CALDWELL

on his big feet, he wears no sox. He carries a musical instrument case (saxophone). Maybe he just seems big because the clothes are not his. The line faces the blonde blue-eyed male. He examines and files some papers and cards from atop the desk. He then looks up, nods, signaling the first applicant to come forward. She walks to, and stands beside, the desk. The blonde stands to greet her, extending his hand.

INTERVIEWER. Good-morning. Welcome to N.O. My name is Mr. Foster. Won't you sit down. *They both sit. She hands him her application.* Before we begin I'd like to ask you some questions, and tell you a little about N.O. Did the Welfare refer you to N.O.?

1, *southern accent.* Yes.

INTERVIEWER. Good. Now Project N.O. is a government sponsored program designed to fill some of the gaps in our welfare programs. *Broad smile.* We realize that just to offer financial assistance does not solve or eliminate the problem. We realize that some of us have difficulty finding jobs because of educational limitations. The N.O. program tackles both problems. We offer assistance —financial—and training so that you may qualify for a better paying job. And with your newly acquired skills you also achieve job security. Would you give me your name, please?

1. May-ree Free-mun.

INTERVIEWER, *writing.* How old are you, Mary.

1. 20.

INTERVIEWER. Are you married, Mary?

1. No.

INTERVIEWER. Do you have any children, Mary?

1. *Slightly indignant.* No, I don't.

INTERVIEWER. Do you live alone or with your folks, Mary?

1. I live with my folks.

INTERVIEWER. How far did you go in school?

1. I graduated.

INTERVIEWER. You mean from high school?

1. Yes.

INTERVIEWER. Where was that—I mean where did you go to school?

1. In Georgia.

INTERVIEWER. What part of Georgia? And the name of the school?

1. Backwoods, Georgia. And I went to Freeman Gosden-Charles Corell High.

INTERVIEWER. Oh, yes, I understand that's a very good school. Did you like going to school, Mary?

1, *shrugging shyly.* It was all right.

INTERVIEWER. Well, did you take any special courses?

1. No.

INTERVIEWER. What are some of your interests, Mary?

1, *puzzled. No answer.*

INTERVIEWER. I mean is there something you like to do more than anything else?

1. I like to cook. And sew. I used to want to be a artist.

INTERVIEWER, *scribbling in his note pad.* Oh, that's nice. What kind of work have you done in the past?

1. Factory.

INTERVIEWER. Did you like working in a factory?

1, *shrugs. Indecisive.*

INTERVIEWER. Do you like to work, Mary?

1. Yes, but the jobs didn't pay much money —and they was always layin' off.

INTERVIEWER. I see. Now what we're going to try to do for you is, first, have you tested. Then we're going to see if we can send you to a school—to learn how to cook and sew—so you can get a good job cooking or sewing. Something that you like to do. How does that sound to you?

1. Well, I already can sew good enough to get a job, I just wan . . .

INTERVIEWER. Wait a minute. While you're going to school the government will pay you a salary until you graduate. Ah, you're smiling. I guess it makes you happy to know that things aren't so hopeless after all! *Big Smile.* Yes, N.O. is here to give hope to the hopeless. To give you a second chance for that chance you missed. *Pause.* Now, Mary, I want you to sign these two papers.

He waits while she signs. Meanwhile, on the line, the woman looks, impatiently, at her watch. Asks an unheard question of the man in front of her. The strange man on the end of the line (#6) drops a wrapped object, accidently. It makes a loud metallic ring. He picks it up, unzips the instrument bag, and places the object inside.

INTERVIEWER. Now I want you to take this card and go to this address, tomorrow, 9 A.M., to be tested. Then you come back here to see me Wednesday. I hope we've helped you on the way to an everlasting job. Good luck!

1. Thank you.

She gets up to leave. Her disposition changed from the earlier gloom. The men turn to watch her walk out. One of the men makes a remark to her as she passes. She conspicuously ignores him. The INTERVIEWER *writes and files. Then signals the next applicant to come forward.*

Scene 2. The INTERVIEWER *is finishing with the next-to-last applicant. The wall clock states 11:40.*

INTERVIEWER. Now I'm sure that once you finish the training and get a good job— a good *steady* job—you and your wife won't fight, and she won't have to call the cops on you. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Okay, Sam?

5. Ha, ha. Yeah, OK. Thank you fo' everything, Mr. Foster.

INTERVIEWER, *standing as the applicant does—extending his hand.* I want you to keep this job, Sam, so you can stay out of trouble. Okay?

5. Okay.

INTERVIEWER. Okay. Glad we could help you. Best of luck, Sam. SAM *nods his head and leaves.* INTERVIEWER *takes some papers to the file. Files them. Returns to desk to answer the phone.* Yes? Oh, hi Stan. No, not quite. So far only four or five. Got one more to go. Oh, you know, the usual. Yeh. What did you expect? Just another way of keeping them in line. Ha ha ha. Where're you having lunch? Oh, good, I'll meet you there in about 20 minutes. All right, bye.

He looks at the last applicant apprehensively, and motions him forward. He stands to greet him. Into the blonde's extended hand 6 shoves the application. They both sit.

INTERVIEWER. I'm sorry you had to wait so long, sir.

6. That's all right. We've waited so long a few more minutes don't matter.

The INTERVIEWER *looks puzzled at this reply, and more so when he looks at the application. He smiles a nervous smile. He gestures.*

INTERVIEWER. Sir, you haven't filled out your application.

6. I know.

INTERVIEWER. Why is that, sir?

6. There is no reason to fill it out.

INTERVIEWER. Aren't you looking for a job?

6. No. I have a job.

INTERVIEWER, *further puzzled and at a loss for words. The applicant's intense glare unnerves him even more. He makes a "conversation piece" of the instrument case.*

INTERVIEWER. You have a job? Oh! Are you a musician?

6. Yes.

INTERVIEWER, *trying to sound interested instead of uneasy.* Oh! What do you play?

6. I play the truth.

INTERVIEWER. The truth? Is that an instrument? I don't understand! . . . What is this? Is this some sort of joke?

6. *just stares at him.*

We're here to help you. There's no information on this application and there's nothing I can do if . . .

6. *I* don't want you to do anything. Or I should say "*we.*" I have a job. I'm doing what all my people should be doing.

INTERVIEWER. I don't understand you, but I have a job to do. What's your name, sir?

6. Just call me *BLACK NIGGER*—that's what you'd like to do, *WHITEY!*

INTERVIEWER, *excited.* I thought so! One of those "black nationalist" characters! Look here, I can understand your anger, and even your bitterness—and I sympathize—but what you're doing is unreasonable. You're doing nothing to help yourself or your people. We're here to help *you* people. We're doing all we can to change the shameful conditions that have existed for too long. People like you make things worse. Now if you came here for a job, good—if not . . .

6. *During the speech he places his instrument case on his lap and opens it. He places his hands on the instrument.* I told you I didn't come here to get a job. I have a job. I came to do a job. I FEEL LIKE PLAYING!

He rises, quickly, and swings the intrument, striking the INTERVIEWER *on the head, it makes a loud thump. The* INTERVIEWER *screams, loudly. Blood is running down his face, onto his white shirt. He runs to the file cabinet and frantically rummages through the cards.*

INTERVIEWER, *hysterical.* Wait! Wait! I know I can find you something! A good job! A good paying, steady, job! You don't have to do this!

6. Yeah! I feel like playing! Like swinging! How you like this JAZZ!? *The applicant swings again, striking him on the arms and hands. He sounds like a preacher preaching a sermon.* We should have done this long time ago! *All* niggers should be doing this! Instead of begging and being killed. Kiss your ass when they should be kicking your ass! And trying to be like you! Hoping you'd treat us as men. Hoping you'd stop killing us. Hoping you'd accept us! But all you offer is jobs! We want our freedom and all you offer is jobs and integration! You've turned us wrongside out! You forced me into this role! Your clothes don't fit me! Your ways don't fit me! I'm not myself! I'm not a killer. *Whop!* I can't be myself till the world is free of you! *Whop! His blow knocks the* INTERVIEWER *to his knees.* I tried and I waited. But all you want is for us to be your slaves! That's all you want! I won't be your slave! *Whop!* I must save myself!

INTERVIEWER, *bubbling, babbling, gurgling, blood-choked sounds!* Oh, god, don't let them kill me! Don't let them kill me! Please don't kill me. *Trying to move away, on his knees.*

6. God ain't gon' answer you—your god is dead!

INTERVIEWER. AAaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaalp! Please, god!

6. Understand how it feels to be beaten! *Whop!* Understand how it feels to beg! *Whop!* Understand how it feels to hope when there's no hope! *Whop!* So many of us died waiting and hoping! Placing faith in your lies and promises! So many of us never even had reason to hope! They shoulda been doing this! *Whop!* Understand how it feels to have your life taken from you! *WHAM!* There's no hope for you! There's no hope for you now!

He strikes again just as the phone rings. He pulls the desk in front of the apparently dead body. He puts his instrument back into the case. The phone continues to ring. He hurries to leave and bumps into a young man entering.

7. Oh! Excuse me! Is anybody here?

6. There's no one here! There's no one here!

7, *looking around.* Must be out to lunch! I guess I'll wait. I don't have anything to do. And I need a job, bad!

6 *exits.* 7 *stands waiting.*

Curtain.

Recorded music: Charlie Parker's "Now is the Time."

FOOD

by Sue-Anne Solom

Vegetables are foods which most people ignore in their typical meat/sugar diet. It's hard for me to understand how people can pass up these friendly, weird, colorful beings: but in most diets limp white lettuce and tiny portions of canned or frozen peas or carrots are all they ever get to eat. Too bad.

Fresh vegetables are always cheaper than canned or frozen, and much tastier and better for you. Buy vegetables in season: these are the ones that are the cheapest and the best tasting. You should try to get about 12 oz. of vegetables a day, half of which should be dark leafy greens: spinach, broccoli, chard, kale, greens, etc.; the other half of which can be carrots, cabbage, celery, squash, turnips etc., not potatoes. Greens are always very cheap, and are the highest in vitamin and mineral content, especially B-2, which is difficult for most Americans to get. Vegetables should either be eaten raw in salads, or cooked in the following manner:

Put a little vegetable oil in a skillet and heat until hot, but not smoking, as this destroys valuable stuff in the oil. Slice vegetables thinly, or shred or chop. Combinations of vegetables are best. Add the root vegetables first, stirring often, keeping heat high. Cook for one minute. Then add the leafy vegetables and cook for another two minutes. Then lower heat, add salt and cover tightly. Steam about 5 minutes, or until color of vegetables deepens: greens become darker and more intense, carrots get unbelievably orange. When vegetables lose their color they become lifeless and you will feel the same if you eat them.

When cooked correctly vegetables are beautiful and life-giving. You can cook your vegetables every day for lunch and supper like this. Try different combinations: celery-onion-cabbage, squash-onion-celery-carrots-beets-beet greens (especially beautiful!)

Always buy vegetables whole, if you can: whole cabbages with lots of dark, outer leaves; celery and carrots with tops, etc., as they are much richer in vitamin and mineral content. When using vegetables, save in a large plastic bag all cores, tough stems, peelings (even onion skins), carrot tops, etc. Chop your weekly collection, along with any other leftovers impossible to use in other ways. Heat to boiling one cup of water for each cup of vegetables used. Force the chopped stuff down into the water, cover pot, and boil 10 minutes. If convenient allow vegetables to stand 1/2 hour. Strain; put liquid into a jar and keep in the refrigerator. Use this "vegetable water" for stews, gravies, soups, or cooking grains. It tastes good, saves you money, has a high vitamin and mineral (especially calcium) content, and makes you feel like you're doing something real.

The quickest and best way to make vegetable soup is the following:

Chop and saute in 2 T. oil in a large pot: 2 unpeeled carrots, 1 or 2 onions, 2 or 3 stalks celery and a pinch of basil, marjoram, savory. Cover pot and keep heat moderate, and do not brown. When vegetables are tender (about 10 min.) add and heat quickly: 1 qt. vegetable water or water, or milk, 1/4 c. soy flour or dried milk shaken with a small amount of stock, 1 tsp. salt, and 2 T. parsley.

Eat soup as soon as it is hot. Any combination of vegetables can be used, but do not overcook. If you use milk as liquid, add the dried milk; this makes a luscious creamed soup. Makes a good supper with homemade bread and cheese or peanut butter, and a fresh salad.

SPROUTED GRAINS

Alfalfa seed and sprouting wheat are best. Simply let a small quantity of seek soak in water (about 2 T. alfalfa seed, 1/4 c. wheat) overnight. Fold a dampened towel lengthwise and spread about 4 in. of seed on one end of the towel and rool toward the other end, spreading seed every 4 in. Put in a shallow container and water it for about 2 or 3 days, keeping out of the sun. Then you have sprouts that you can use with vegetables, or put in cereal, or on peanut butter (natural kind) sandwiches, or fresh salads.

FLAKES LOAF

3 c. mixed flakes (oat flakes, rye flakes, etc.)
3 c. water
1 to 2 chopped onions
2 T. parsley chopped
1 minced clove garlic
3 tsp. oil
3/4 tsp. salt

Saute flakes in oil, add warm water and cook on low heat with cover on (about 10-15 min.) Saute vegetables in 2 tsp. oil. Mix ingredients and spoon into an oiled casserole, patting the top with water. Bake one hour in a 400 degree oven.

This is really good and a number of variations is possible: add eggs, cheese, more vegetables. If you have a blender, blend about 2 cups of vegetables with the water and cook the whole with the grains for about 15 min. and then put into the casserole.

VEGETABLE PIE

About 3 cups of assorted chopped vegetables (carrots, cabbage, onions, celery turnips, etc.)
pie dough (as appeared in Jan. 1-15 WFP for Crisp Crunchies)
salt to taste added to the vegetable-cream sauce mixture.

Saute chopped-up vegetables in oil. Add two cups of water and cook for awhile, about 15 min. or so, on low heat with cover on. In another plan place 2 T. of oil and 5 T. of wholewheat flour -- stirring until mixed. Remove from heat. When vegetables are done pour the liquid into the pan with the flour and stir until mixed well, while heating. Stir until thickened. Make a dough with the above ingredients, roll out and pour the combined vegetable and cream sauce mixture into the shell. Make a top crust and place on top. Bake the pie in a 450 degree oven until the crust is done. You can add anything to this pie, including rice (cooked), eggs, cheese, or any leftovers.

INHOGURATION

by marilyn webb

On Monday, January 20th a new king will be crowned. Richard Nixon and Checkers, perhaps, will descend upon our city -- pledging domestic law and order as well as a military budget of $10 billion (more than it now is) even if the war in Vietnam ends. He talks of new nuclear subs and missiles, but the only way he can reinvigorate the economy by hardware expenditures is by refanning anti-Communism and beginning the Cold War over again.

Standing firm to greet him as he enters Federal DC will be the Mobilization Committee to End the War. The Mobe intends to make it clear to this Administration that Americans do not want the war in Vietnam, or any other war for that matter. They stand as an opposition movement to this Administration and will not fall behind cries of "communism", "law and order must prevail" or any other shibboleth Nixon and his cabinet -- hand-picked to insure conflicts of interest in every Cabinet post -- care to throw.

As we go to press, informed sources tell us that soldiers at Fort Meade have been placed on ready alert. Ft. Meade public information will neither confirm or deny this rumor.

The Inaugural Committee plans a full weekend of events. So do the Mobe and the other groups planning to participate in this action.

On Saturday, January 18th the Mobe has planned a day of movement conferences to be held at Hawthorne School (501 I St. SW). These will focus on the future direction of the anti-war movement. (See page 23 for detailed information.)

The Inaugural Committee has its own plans for Saturday. At the National Gallery of Art (Constitution & 6th NW) from 2-5, a reception for "distinguished ladies" will be held. These ladies will be greeted by Women's Liberation members, confronting them with the fact that the only reason they are considered distinguished is because of their husbands. "What did you ever do, Pat?" and "Distinguished Ladies are Vietnamese Women, Not You" will be signs women will hold -- while they are chained to a pop art puppet of a man and consumer items.

On Saturday morning, Southerners will hold their own demonstration at General Sherman's Statue across from the White House. SSOC plans to discuss Yankee Imperialism at a press conference held there, and the colonial status of the South, as well as protest against the concept of "Total War" (i.e., destroying land as in Vietnam) which General Sherman originated.

For people interested in spontaneously demonstrating on Saturday evening, there is a city full of events. At the Washington Hilton Hotel (Conn. and T Sts. NW) from 4-7 a Young Republican Inaugural Salute will be held. Tricia will be on hand to smile, of course.

An Inaugural Gala, to be held from 9-11:30 at the National Guard Armory (2001 E. Capitol St.)

For those more interested in what the U.S. anti-war movement has already done, and what other movements are doing, SDS and Newsreel will have a Film Festival at the SDS Movement Center, St. Stephens Church at 16th & Newton NW at 8 pm.

Sunday will be a big day. At 1 pm movement groups will gather at the Ellipse behind the White House to march down Penn. Ave. toward the Capitol, the opposite direction from the Inaugural Parade Route. The Mobilization will have its own reviewing stand, equipped with a Nixon spouting his Checkers speech given when he lost the California Governorship election, and with balloons as Cabinet members. This "Administration" will, of course, be closely guarded by Mobe soldiers with bayonettes.

Participating groups will march together, as units within the parade. Women's Liberation plans to march in suffragette costumes led by old suffragette members. When they reach the Supreme Court Plaza women will burn voter registration cards, symbolizing the meaninglessness of the vote in America and the beginning of a fight for real change.

Other groups, including the Yippies, are planning independent activities, so beware!

Again, for those wishing to demonstrate, the Inaugural Committee has provided ample opportunity. A reception for Vice-President-Elect and Mrs. Spiro Agnew will be held at the Smithsonian Institute Museum of History and Technology, at Constitution between 9th and 12th Sts. NW from 5 to 8 pm.

President-elect Pigasus J Pig

At Constitution Hall at 8:30 pm, there will be an Inaugural Concert. This will be the first event President-Elect and Mrs. Nixon will attend together.

Also on Sunday evening the Mobilization will hold a Counter-Inaugural Ball. If a permit is granted by the government, the Ball will be held in a huge heated tent on the Mall. If not, it will be in Sylvan Theater behind the Washington Monument. Many rock and acid rock bands will participate, as well as countless underground theater groups.

On Monday, the day of the Inauguration, ceremonies will begin at 11:30 am at the Capitol. After the swearing-in ceremony, the Inaugural Parade will move down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the White House, where Nixon will then review it from a special heated stand. The Mobilization has said that demonstrators will maintain a peaceful presence all along the parade route.

Besides the activities planned by the Mobilization and the Inaugural Committee, various movement groups will maintain centers throughout the city for participants to sleep, hold conferences, etc. Here is a list of Movement Centers confirmed as of our press time. For a more up-to-date listing, call the Mobilization's Communication number: 347-6723.

OHIO -- Brightwood Methodist Church 8th & Jefferson NW

COAIM -- Kay Spiritual Center, American University Mass. & Nebraska NW

UNIVERSITY CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT -- Kay Spiritual Center, Spiritual Lounge, American University, Mass & Neb.

ANN ARBOR -- Brookland Methodist Church, 14th & Lawrence

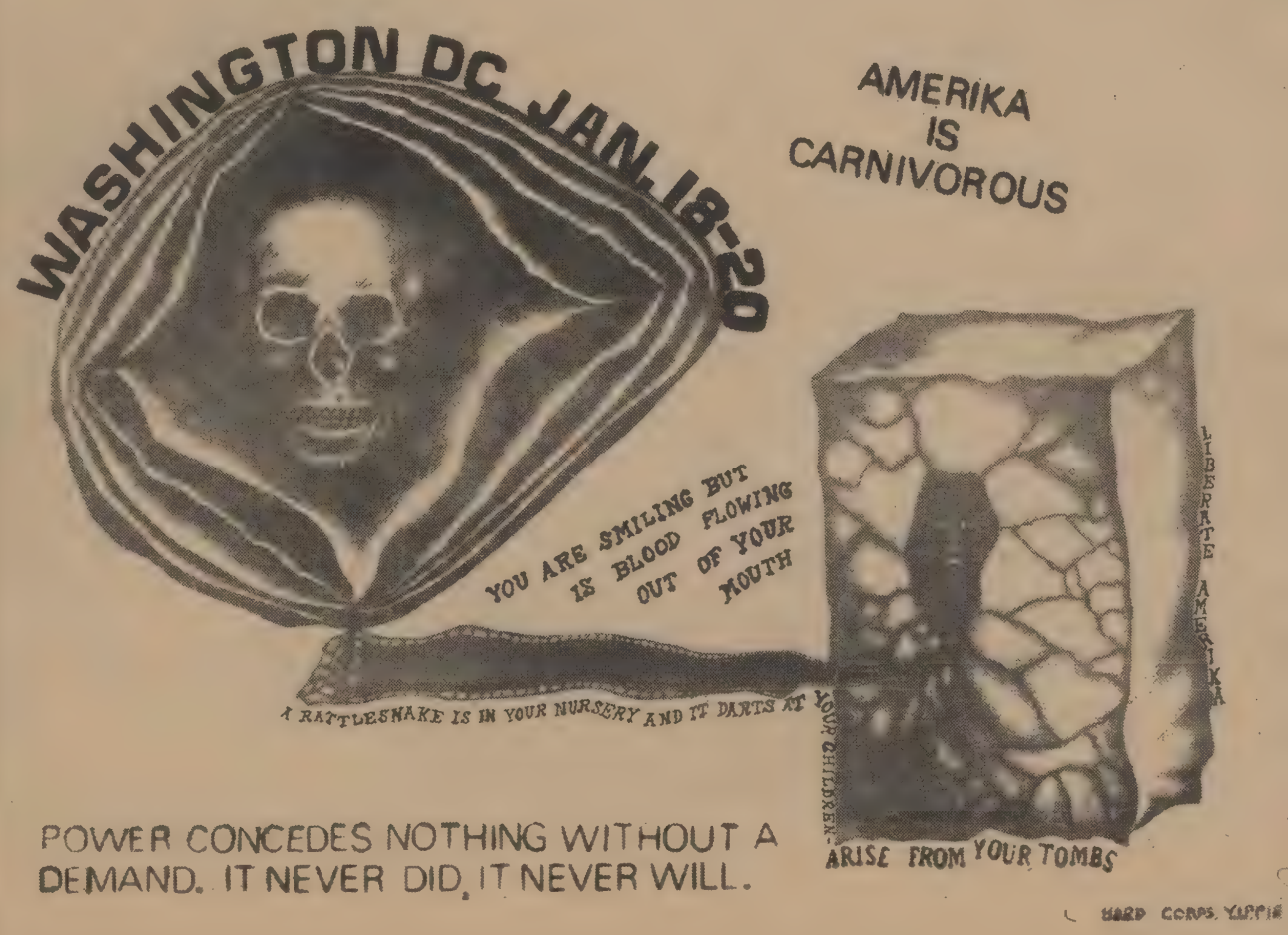
N.Y. HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT UNION -- Dumbarton Ave. Methodist Church, 313 Dumbarton Ave. NW

S.S.O.C. -- Nash Methodist Church, Rhode Island & North Capitol

MEDICAL CENTER -- St. Johns Church, 1525 H St. NW

SDS -- St. Stephens Church, 16th & Newton NW (call 332-7183 for SDS information)

WOMEN'S LIBERATION -- St. Stephens 16th & Newton NW (call 387-6436 for information), Meeting on Friday night at 8 pm, 3410 Brown St. off Newton



SPIRIT OF '69
WASHINGTON - JANUARY 18-20
DONT TREAD ON ME

BOB WALTERS RAPS

(Bob Walters is the national reporter for the Evening Star.)

GOVERNMENT

As a reporter you really get to know the inner workings of this government -- you really get terrified. First of all, nothing is real. Everything is staged: the speeches on the floor, the exchanges with the secretary, the letters, the only thing that is real goes on so far behind the scenes and is so terribly dirty and petty. It turns out some guy just has a personal thing about getting someone else in the government so that's why a certain bill ends up getting pushed on the floor of the House or the Senate. Idealists are hard to come by in the federal government. You don't meet many of them. For the guys who are here, it's a 9 to 5 job for the most part. At the high levels sometimes they're a little better.

What we're seeing now is guys popping up with their last gasp press conferences. You see them all over town, saying, "Here's what I really thought for all those five or eight years." Freeman is just classic -- here's a guy who's been under attack for over a year now for food stamps, and generally worrying about the problem of hunger; who's been running the Agriculture Department pretty much as it's always been run, which is pretty much exclusively for the benefit of the middle income and higher income farmer; who's resisted time and time again the efforts to improve food distribution. All of a sudden a week and a half before he leaves office he says, "I was really with you guys all along. The hungry people of this country are really a problem and we have got to do something to help them." He says he wants to join one of the many hunger organizations. All of a sudden, he wants a membership card. Where has he been for eight years?

What we have had essentially in Washington -- in fact, for the past two months -- is virtually no government. Johnson has been hiding somewhere, hoping that he can avoid further controversy, relying heavily upon preparing the history of his Administration so the historian will view it favorably. And one gets the impression that Richard Nixon all of a sudden realized the enormity of the job and has been hiding in New York. There's literally a vacuum; I mean, we've almost been a country without a government.

BEDROCK

And a rock will lead them. Down Pennsylvania Avenue in no-doubt bitter cold, the dignitaries of America will follow a rock, entitled The Bedrock of Democracy. The rock will be an inaugural float simulating the rock of Iwo Jima, where we beat out them slanty-eyed bastards. Arrayed on the rock will be 50 Up With People singers, extolling the sicknesses of America in rhymed verse, 4/4 time. Could they be guerrilla-ing us?

UNDERGROUND PRESS

I really wish it were better, because what this country needs is an independent press. There are too many things happening that ought to be questions, one suspects. The daily press shouldn't be above criticism. The problem is that the underground press isn't seeking a wide enought audience. It is simply seeking to reinforce the predispositions of the heads and hippies and whoever else would naturally buy it anyhow. It really ought to be appealing to people like me who have questions about what does and doesn't get in the paper. I think there's a large market for that. It means a degree of professionalism, a degree of sophistication. I would like to see, perhaps, the WASHINGTON FREE PRESS doing a critique of how the Washington papers handle a given story, something that has policy ramifications, and pointing out where things went wrong.

The classic example is up in Philadelphia, Harry Karathon, the so-called investigator reporter for the Enquirer, who turned out to be on the take and in league with every crook in town. Everybody at the Enquirer knew all about it, everybody at the Bulletin knew all about it, but newspapers don't criticize each other, so Philadelphia Magazine, a souped-up chamber of commerce magazine, like Washingtonian, broke the story. That shouldn't happen in Philadelphia Magazine. One can't expect the Enquirer to tell tales on itself, but the Bulletin, certainly, which knew all about it. The Post doesn't print things that they know could be potentially embarrassing to the Star. It's just a matter of serious questioning.

DEFENSE

Clearly, if we have learned anything from Vietnam, it's that we've got to fight on a different basis, and what it comes down to is counter-insurgency....but that's a whole question. The American public has not become acclimated to it. There are a lot of people who throw up their hands when you talk about counter-insurgency. It's a dirty business, you know: spreading money around to keep the natives on your side, using U.S. troops, but not dressing them in U.S. uniforms -- which is unheard of. One of the things we were proud of was, except for a limited number of spies, we always knew who our guys were.

Numerous people have pointed out that the development of weaponry in the modern world, is such that whatever you can develop as a shield, they can develop something to get through it, and then, you develop a new shield and they develop something to get through that. It's an endless spiral. If you're not a pacifist, this is as good an argument as any against spending unwanted billions of dollars on something that is going to be obsolescent in two years.

Melvin Laird, our Defense Secretary, is a classic case. Laird has been going around telling people that at the end of four years, the Nixon defense budge would be $15 billion higher than the present defense budget, and that would assum the phasing out of the Vietnam war. It is interesting to talk about "mop-up" costs of the Vietnam war, which will run into the billions. But you know the war itself is costing $30 or $40 billion and you tack on to that another $15 billion, and what you're talking about is a $45-$55 billion implemented in defense spending without a war being fought. That's a lot of hardware that's going to be bought by the Pentagon in the next four years and there are a number of questions raised such as, "What does the Pentagon have in mind?"; "What does the Defense Department conceive of in the short-run future of the post-Vietnam world?" They at least ought to justify it. No one raised the question as to what the role of the Defense Department is going to be, but they'll be spending more at the end of four years.

This is one reason you hear people to the Left saying the obstruction to this country right now is the unchecked growth of the military.

dick's balls

Mrs. Arends, wife of Congressman Arends, delivered this vital report at the Inauguration Committe's press conference.

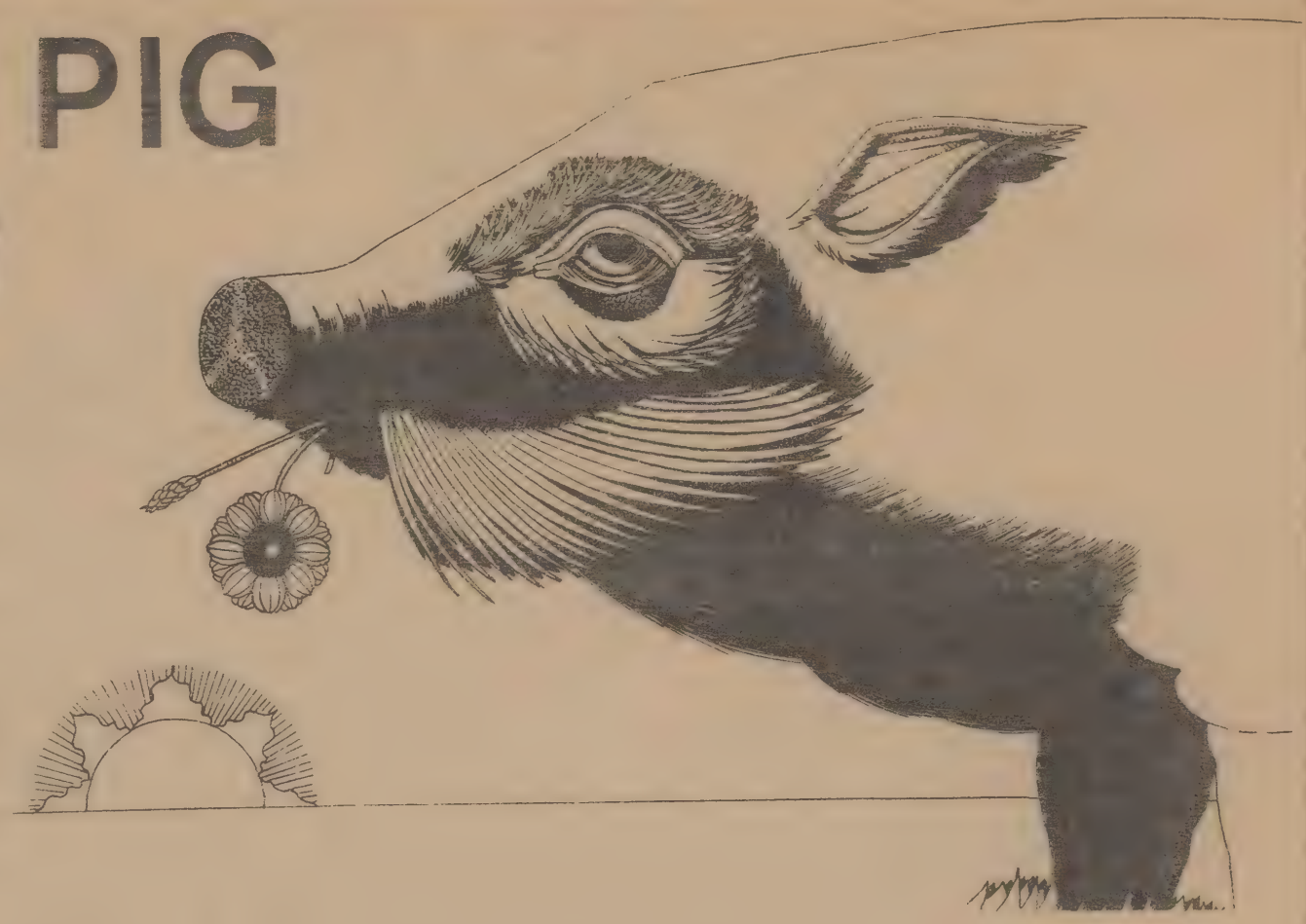
MRS. ARENDS: Well, it's probably no surprise to you to learn that we are going to have the most dynamic, dramatic BALLS. But the BALLS are going to be done with dignity and elegance. In a sense they will set the tone for this new Administration. It has been recently said that the type of entertainment and decor favored by a President often helps determine how that Administration will be remembered in history. We will be coming into millions of homes via TV, inauguration night, and we want to provide the proper setting for the new President. As you all probably know, our new theme is, "Together, Forward Together", and we are going to incorporate this visually into each site. We are determined to make all BALLS equal -- as to entertainment, social and political status, and decorations, and this is my special interest -- decorations. And the color scheme we have decided on is silver, gold, and white. Now I would like to introduce to you a man all of us on this committee have learned to love. I could well be speaking of our fabulous chairman, Mark Evans, but in this case I am speaking of the indispensible Earl Hargow, who has worked tirelessly and closely with our committee in producing what we think will be the most beautiful BALLS ever.

MR. HARGOW: As Mrs. Arends pointed out, we've spent a great deal of time making all these BALLS the same, in each location. We've had various sizes and shapes and heights, and types of rooms to work with, and we think we've come up with a pretty good plan. Over here on your right, on this bulletin board, you'll see that we have the various hotels laid out for you in terms of BOXES. The BOXES are going to be 7 by 8 feet dimensions. As you've been told, they will hold 8 people. Also, they will be on 6-inch risers, so all the BALL, uh, all the BOX holders or people who bought BOXES won't be higher than what the other people'll be on the floor.

By error the Mobilization article on page 3 of our January 1-15 issue was incorrectly attributed to Rennie Davis.

THE PIG

AND PAST IT



by Wolfe Lowenthal

Pigasus, how he suffered and flourished: nominated in a detention cell in Chicago after being packed into a paddy wagon with seven freaked out yippies, not even allowed to address the people, and his wife, no uglier than Pat, arrested that same afternoon, never to be released. A hard fought election campaign which saw his secret service, the Pig Intelligence Group, busted escorting his presidential car, Pig I, down 7th Avenue in New York. Constantly harrassed and threatened by the BLT conspiracy: victorious, the winner, everyman's Pig, comes to Washington, the Republicrats ideal, the whole hog, prepared to be inhogurated, ready to risk all for the opportunity to garbage and misrule.

(Tip from Thomas Jefferson: Don't call the police "pigs" or "fascists" -- they groove on that, it's in line with their self image. Call them "sissies". Play with them. Run them around their pasture -- they're slow and clumsy. But most important, keep your eye on the sissies, but don't fixate your head there. Keep your eye on the sissies lest you get whupped, but keep your head on the real pigs, the men who make their dollars from other people's poverty and blood.)

A cycle which began with the nomination of the pig and ends with his inhoguration gives way to a new theme, an awareness that seems to have developed in many places and will flower this weekend, a rebirth of the American Revolution.

Cuba recently celebrated the 10th Anniversary of the Revolution but Fidel said that the Cuban Revolution was 100 years old and started with Jose Marti. North Vietnamese have said to visitors that it is foolish for the Movement to turn its back on the traditions of the American Revolution and allow the Fascist to drape himself in the flag. Of all the world-wide revolutionary movements, America alone has given over its traditions to the right wing.

That the American Revolution has fallen on dark days, that there have been serious, calamitous mistakes and limitations in our system we need no more evidence than Sunday s inhoguration of the Pig and the next day's ascension to the top of the garbage heap of the Pretender, Limp Dick Nixon. But there was a time when the American Revolution was a marker for freedom to the world, and there are a growing number of Americans whose job it should be to set it upright and make it grow.

Flags, costumes and slogans resurrect American Revolutionary traditions for folk who are its legitimate standard bearers, but there is more than symbolism taking place in Washington during the Counter Inauguration. There will be another blatant confrontation between the sterile, deadly old and the promise of the new.

We all have a problem this weekend. We are most of us coming to realize that the most important battle now is the creation of communities which, rooted, are vital manifestations of our life style and politics. At the same time we recognize that we will never be allowed to build free communities unimpeded in the backyard of this ever more intolerant, exploitive and murderous warfare state. There comes a point where the draft, racism and puritanism of grey, dead dicky America corrupts our ideals, blunts our spirit, and finally tries to rip us off. We seem trapped in a paradox: confrontation is so debilitating and the real job is to nurture the fragile blossoms -- the communes, underground institutions, and concept -- of the new America, but how do we give ourselves room to build without bloodying ourselves in the seemingly hopeless struggle to break the most powerful repressive machine the world has ever known?

We can look around us and see brothers in Europe, Asia, Africa and South America fighting with sacrifice and patience and winning. We can see the anger and bewilderment of the impotent, monstrous old men as they clutch ever more tightly around their power only to have it continue to slip through their fingers. We can be wedded to our fate to build the true American Revolution and embrace that fate with gratitude and joy.

why don't we do it in the road

It's more fun to play with others than it is to play with yourself. Street Theatre on every block. Try it on!

U.S. Mint: Passing out of phony money, burning money, burning mint. A call for immediate devaluation of the dollar.

FBI Building: Hanging J. Edgar Freako in effigy, hanging J. Edgar not in effigy. People with binoculars and magnifying glasses tramping through the building. Investigators with tape recorders and cameras collecting evidence of an FBI conspiracy. A hunt for Eldridge Cleaver reportedly hiding out in the basement of the FBI Building. Girls offering their bodies to the Chief (he supposedly has gone all these 73 yrs. without once....)

White House: Four men dressed in painter's uniforms approach the White House carrying buckets of black paint. The Pig is shown the White House.

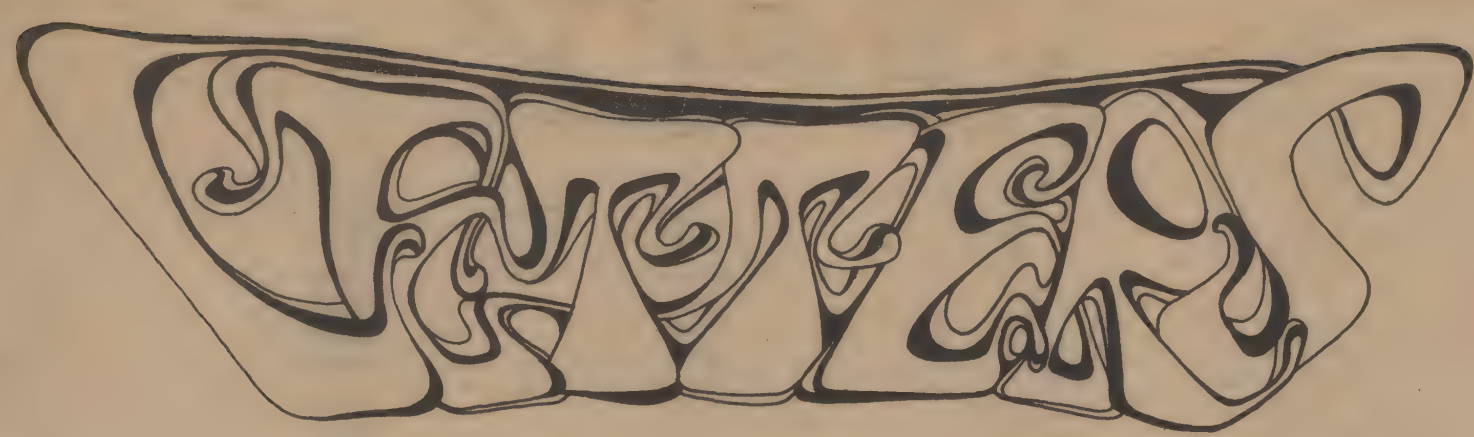
Washington Monument: Magic circling of the Washington Monument by a troupe of vestal virgins to exorcise the country's need for a perpetual hard-on. A "Fuck the World" ceremony.

Pentagon: Simulated Yippie War Games, chemical warfare demonstration of the dreaded fuck-drug LACE.

Constitution Hall: Fug chorale singing "River of Shit" in 30-part harmony on the front steps.

Federal Drug Administration: Smoke-In; passing out of free birth-control pills, dramatization of a narcotics raid.

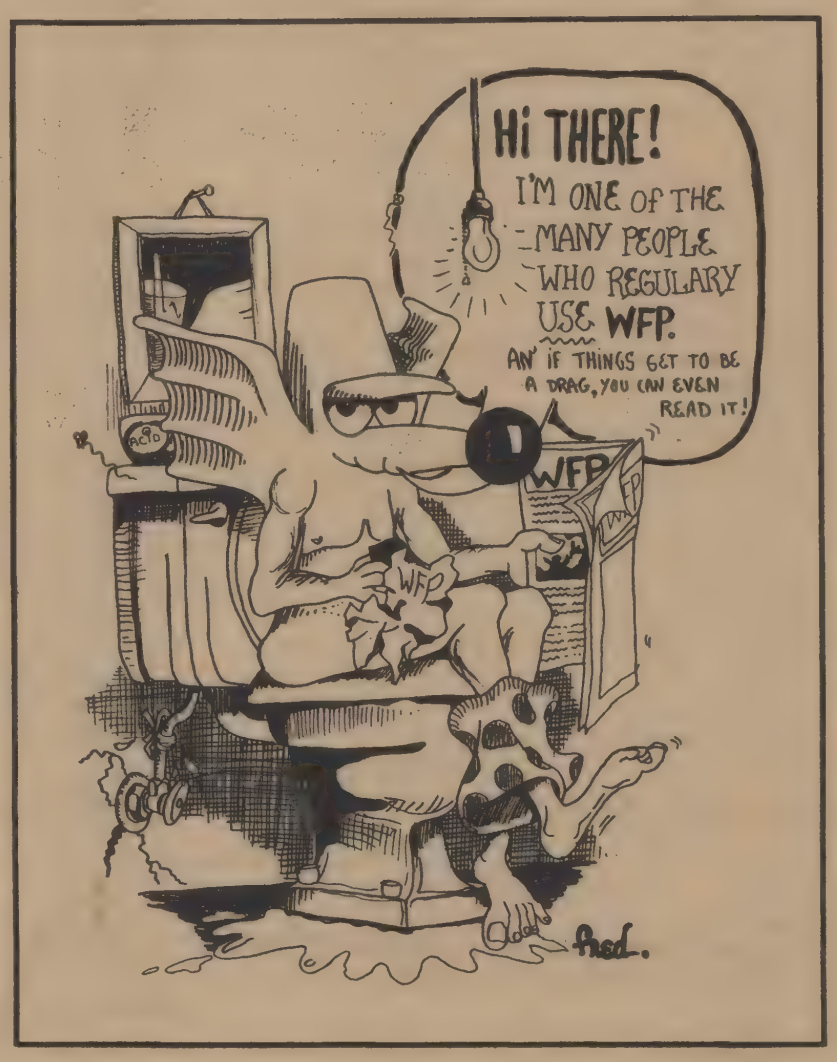
"The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the Crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter, the rain may enter, -- but the King of England cannot enter; all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement!" (Speech on Excise Bill -- WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM).



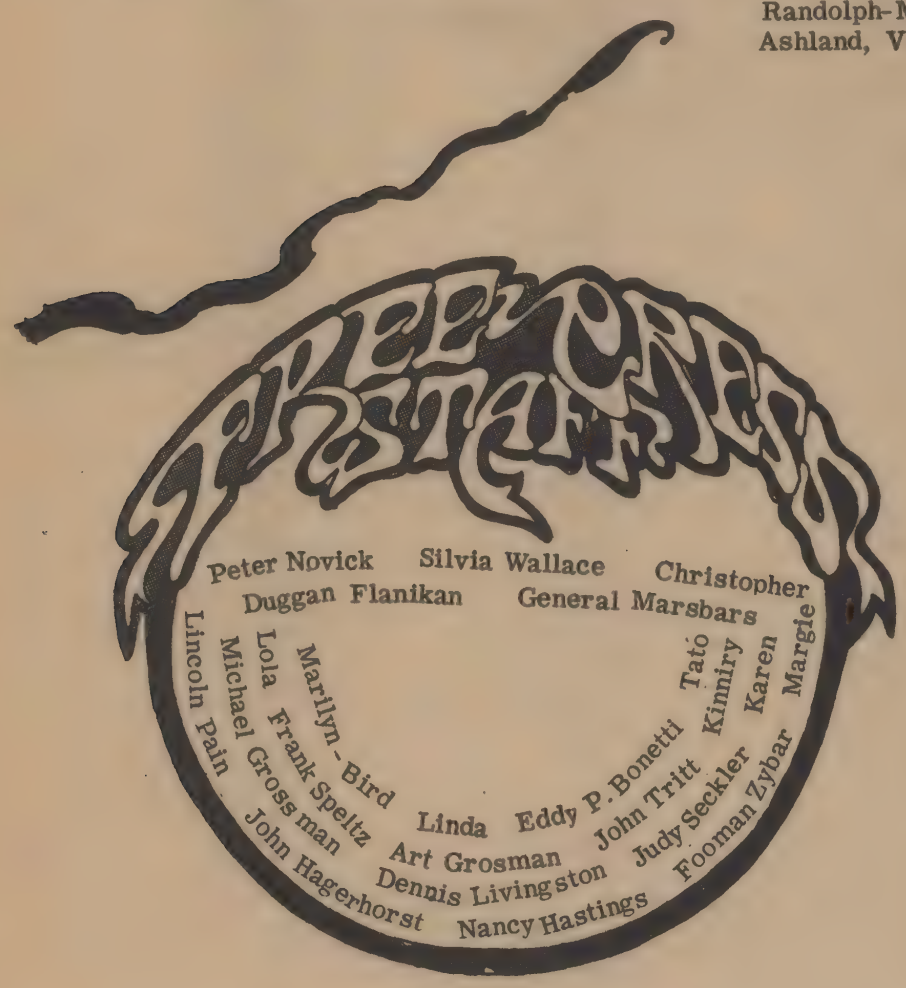
WFP:

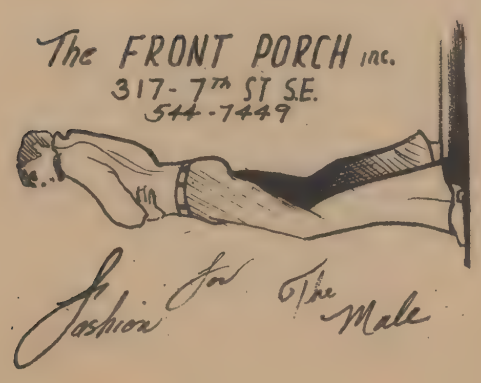
I noticed in the last issue of your publication that there was a questionnaire involving abuse at the hands of some of this country's more representative police officers. I am writing to you in an attempt to solicit your aid in my dilemma. Last March, as I was thumbing south, I was picked up routinely (?) for hitching. I was taken to the station where I was accused of doing everything from being a dealer to being a pedophile and promptly thrown in the lockup overnight while my story was being checked. The next morning I was booked but not charged. My prints and photo were taken and I was transported upstairs to another cell block, composed completely of convicted prisoners. Here I was locked in a "flat", commonly known as the hole and used for punishment. Here I stayed for six days while my story was being checked. Then I was taken back downstairs where I had another encounter with the officer who picked me up. He told me that my story was fine, but I had been held too long with no charge against me. I am still appalled that he had this much knowledge of the law. Anyhow I was charged with vagrancy, because after a week in jail I didn't have enough cash or something to meet their definition of a nonvagrant. The fact that I had a substantial balance in my checking account wasn't good enough. I got a kangaroo trial and naturally found guilty. I raised enough hell that I was allowed to talk to the big dick. He consented to try to call my father. He tried unsuccessfully and had me returned to a cell for two more days. It seems that since I had never made it to Florida I had become a missing person with an APB out over the whole country and my father was in Richmond identifying a body that had been fished out of the river. Two days later I was called to the dick's office again and my father was reached, and I eventually got out of jail. As a result of this incident I was forced to withdraw from school and the draft got down on me. I contacted the ACLU who was so shocked that the case was advised to the Justice Department, i.e. FBI. Since I got busted once and since I had a full beard when the agents talked to me, I don't think that they were any more concerned with the thing than the cops were. I know nothing about the law, but it is rather obvious that many things are amiss. I have been locked up four times and never was I advised of my rights, once I was allowed to make a phone call, never have I had a bed or blanket, no lawyer, every time that I even made it to court it was only a coalition between the arresting officer and the judge. Can you help me?

ALAN WARNER
Randolph-Macon College
Ashland, Virginia



If this be treason, make the most of it.
(Speech on Stamp Act. May 29, 1765)





LETTER NO. Z-A1969

To think that the readers of the WFP missed Terry Becker's dirty story and got an article on Women's Liberation instead! At least his was probably shorter.

The beginning section wasn't a bad fantasy, but to persist in a psychological and sociological study of the contemporary woman is degrading, to me it seems.

It's much nicer to reject those sterile, behavioral cateogries Heather Dean tried to lay on millions of us in her simplistic analogy between blacks and droopy-titted chicks. (What would the white radical movement ever have done without the blacks, I wonder?) Eldridge Cleaver has a better line than I. He was talking of some brothers in college: "They wanted an environment created on their campus -- not one that will teach black people how to be black, but one that will remove the restraints, so that they can just be themselves, and their blackness will automatically flourish. Like you don't have to teach a rose how to turn red, or teach a tree how to grow leaves."

Maybe I'm too hopeful, but psychic liberation seems possible (a chair can be a table, she says relativistically). Yet I don't think you find it by going to female group therapy sessions where you learn how to play at "independent decision-making" with other chicks. (Heather must have recognized the bridge group model.)

I hope that the strained tone of the article doesn't reflect the effect on people of women's liberation. How long must we rot in lives of ego-centered, habituated role-playing? Mis Dean's article doesn't laugh enuf, dance enuf, touch bodies or generally feel good. Her traditional dichotomizing of man-woman (as with the old favorite: mind-body) paints me a world of people cast in plaster.

I must admit that I admire her attempt to define for herself some absolute and universal positions for her social body and then to strive toward it (cartoon 789). I would rather follow the advice of some anonymous voice that points instead to the dance of life: "delighting in the world.... Aware of the one undying impulse in us all, we may be quick to embrace its many mortalities; giving ourselves not to abstractions such as "God is Love" but to the actual love of God in the guise of a girl or a boy, a husband, a wife, a child.... 'a life of erotic exuberance whose activity is in eternity'... and eternity is not another place, another time; it is here and now, whether we are aware of it or not; it is wholly here and only now."

LINDA SILVERSTEIN

ROCK 'n' ROLL

by R. Greene

Somewhere along the line, somebody once decided htat it would be a very good thing to put together a big rock group, you know, with horns and things like those soul bands. So, people like Mike Bloomfield and Paul Butterfield and Al Kooper all disappeared for awhile and came back with these eight or nine piece groups with horns and things. Paul Butterfield added trumpets and saxes and stuff, and he still sounds like Paul Butterfield, only maybe a little sloppier. Mike Bloomfield took a jam group and added horns and came up with a jam group with horns added, The Electric Flag. The Electric Flag couldn't get together, split up, and has now become The Buddy Miles Express, a soul jam group with horns added. Al Kooper took his monster-sized ego, added sidemen and we had Blood Sweat & Tears. But old AL could only immerse his still growing ego (look at the cover of his new solo album in a group for a certain length of time, so he split. A big rock group was a nice idea, but none of these could make it work, cause none of them knew how to make a group. Good tries, but they were all the kind of thing where the rhythm section stands on one side of the stage and the horns, the horns "you stand over there". Because the horns weren't part of the group, they were the "horns".

Since Al Kooper left Blood Sweat & Tears they haven't just rolled over on their back and died. They've been working together and playing and somehow they have turned themselves into a group. And they have got a new album out titled "Blood, Sweat & Tears" (Columbia CS 9720). And it's a beautiful album because they are a group, the way the band from Big Pink is a group. No dominating egos, no leaders, no stars, just nine musicians playing together.

It's an amazingly diverse album. There's an awful lot of jazz in it and it's the most satisfying fusion of jazz and rock that I've yet heard. It draws from such an unlikely combination of sources as Billie Holliday (God Bless the Child), Motown staff writers (You've Made Me So Very Happy), a nineteenth century composer (Eric Satie), Traffic (Smiling Phases), and it puts it all together with a really fine use of arranging techniques that derive mostly from big band jazz. Side one has a variation on a theme by Eric Satie scored for the brass instruments by Dick Halligan, the keyboard player, that is so strong that in the one day that I've had the album I've practically worn the grooves on that cut off the record.

Listening to the individual members of the group, I could be less happy with the record. The new singer, David Clayton-Thomas, is certainly more into it than Al Kooper, but on the other hand, he's no Stevie Winwood. He's got a lot of Ray Charles in his work, he's not really that powerful, but that's not really the point. He fits into the group. He's only singing what's really needed when it's really needed, which is a surprisingly small amount of the time. On this record it's the balance that counts. You hear all nine members for about equal amounts of time, and the solos, if not awe-inspiring, are all interesting. The alto sax player, Fred Lipsius, is the only one in the band who knocked me out with his solo time.

Bear it in mind, this is not music of the avant-garde. There's nothing in this album that hasn't been done somewhere before. It's just the way that all these things are combined that makes it work. The arrangements can turn you around, make you laugh, because they lead you along with your own preconceived ideas of what the tune is going to sound like, then suddenly change direction and pull the floor out from under you. There's a tune on side two called "Blues-Part II" that sneaks you along in one direction for quite awhile then throws in a quote from "Sunshine of Your Love", builds it to a full big band thing, slips in licks from "Spoonful" and some old Blues Project tune, turns this into a shouting blues riff, and then goes out with another very subdued variation on Satie done by acoustic guitar and flute.

There are only a few weak spots on the record. Steve Katz, (remember Steve Katz?) the guitar player, sings a tune on side one (Sometimes in Winter) that doesn't get across much feeling. There's a song from Motown (You've Made Me So Very Happy) that sounds stiff, very much the way that B, S & T used to sound when Al Kooper was with them. It's not a perfect album, but the whole thing feels good, the group sounds like a group, playing together to get as much out of the combination of nine people as they can get. It just makes me hope that they can keep the inevitable hassles from splitting them up, because this is one band that I want to hear more from.

Big Pink has three LPs in the works. They should begin recording during the end of this month. The first projected album will be similar to their last, however more complicated, with more instruments, and possibly containing one of Dylan's new songs, described by Pink Robertson as "the best stuff he's ever done." The second album will have songs written by "the band" at the request of musician friends.

The third LP in the series is going to be cut with "close friends"-from both the US and Britian. More like an old type sing along, Robertson said "It might just end up being for us, but anything might happen."

The band also hopes to have its own recording studio in operation later this year. They'll independently produce their own records and "anything else that comes along."

MATTHEW'S RAINBOW LIGHT CO. MEDIA LIGHTING 359-4399

The Rolling Stones held a press luncheon to introduce their new record, Beggar's Banquet. The meal was complete with mead; snuff and pipes afterward. After desert small boxes were passed around. Jagger stood and said that they weren't there just to eat, drink and be merry. The Stones then commenced hurling custard pies at their guests, who responded in kind.

Country Joe and the Fish won't be doing much except cutting a record in late February. They may even split up after the album, but they aren't doing any gigs until they decide. The year ended with the Fish getting black-listed by the US Army (no armories for shows) and a college-looking federation for naughty cheerleading (F-U-C-K). Awful!

by STANFORD BALMSTEIN

Hurling through space (at N.Y. & 12th) with flashing stroke and psychedelic light show, is the Rocket Room which should be applauded (clap -- clap) for its humanitarian effort of a Sunday night underground something, sometimes headed up by heavy head Barrie Richards (who handles, sometimes fairly well, progressive underground rock -- WHMC-AM 1150).

Appearing with the Puzzle last Sunday night (which held Barrie Heavymouth and his rocketeers together) were the Heat Wave (neat), the Psychosomatic (missed them) and the Confection (missed also when I was carried out of the place early by a sick friend when the PA broke down for the Puzzle -- boo!).

The Room also supports a Poison Berry Jam Session at The Room for all you ego freaks who are stoned enough to attempt the downstairs district) -- although there was no trouble, 1 AM Sunday night for the Greyhound infested red-neck section of downtown D.C. (or the dollars or just happen to be in uniform passing only good times.

So, in conclusion, if you can afford a Sunday evening and a couple of dollars or just happen to be in uniform passing through D.C. on a dog with time, go to the Rocket Room.

by Seth Alan Barkas

It was all cocks 'n' cunts 'n' polka dots when Yayoi Kusama led her happy happening dancers in a screw America/love one another theatre piece at the Fillmore East recently. A number of Tactical Patrol Pigs had collected outside before the performance, and I feared a bust -- police hating nudity as much as long hair. In fact, the cops desperately had been trying to harrass Kusama's outdoor (in front of Wall St., the United Nations) happenings. But it's cool in Fun City to shake your naked diddle up and down like a ping pong ball, long as you're on stage -- the sanctuary of the proscenium.

The real hassle came from Fillmore's managers. In the spirit of hippy-dippy Bill Graham -- the rock impresario -- Kusama's dancers, when out in the audience passing out plastic, paste-on polka dots, were forced to wear little jock straps. Their dicks genteely camouflaged, you know, like those little black marks that cover the "private" areas on the covers of sex books exhibited in the windows of raunchy porno stores.

Worse. The happening was confined to the stage. So Kusama did her best. On stage, she waded through a number of symbolic gestures: toy guns burping, flags defiled, polka dots painted. / Lots of things: all building to the eventual moment when everyone rips off his clothes. (There was one important variation in the denuding process. One chick deliberately kept her clothes on longer than the rest. Was she a prude? A plant? Having a period? On and on she writhed. Moisture tipped my penis. Why was she copping out? Finally, enveloped by the rest of the naked bodies, she became infected. She removed her clothes slowly. Gypsy Rose Lee on LSD. Only she was a he. A funny faggot, flitting padding before my put-on eyes.)

The happening started working. Especially during the later shows. (Aren't night people the easiest to groove with anyway?) When at its best, it moved toward orgy: total freedom. A guy pushed himself up against a luscious chick with bobbing beads and sweating boobs. Crunch. They danced together, his body swaying into her cuddle-warm abyss. He pulled away, a little surprised by the size of his erection. Maybe 700 of us were watching him -- suddenly he knew it. Quickly, he forgot it -- he was looking for that chick again.

A shout penetrated the happening, splitting it with reality. "Hey, what are you doing up there?" I thought it was Bill Graham worrying about property values or something. No, it was a blue-meany, waving his night stick -- the surrogate of you-know-Freud-what. "Up against the wall, motherfucker!" screamed one of the dancers. But the blue-meany apparently didn't read the Times so he didn't know what the kid was shouting about -- he advanced. Now I could see he had a goatee. (A goatee? Yup. A Kusama plant or maybe a Narco in standard zoot suit.) "Hey, what are you doing?" he squealed. The audience picked up on him, trying to trip him. They thought he was a real cop. He finally reached the stage. Kusama's dancers attacked him. They liberated the blue-meany. They took off his clothes.

So, that's what a Kusama happening is like. Except that when they are held in less public, more free spots (not at the Fillmore -- where, incidentally, Fleetwood Mac did a reasonable set of which only a few songs and one "hard" rock sound did much of anything to anybody, and Country Joe and the Fish looked distant, played uptight, but still had some juice -- but I wasn't sure if it was spit or phlegm) the happenings become orgies.

The Sunflower Seed
featuring leather Bags Sandals by Michael Coats Skirts
4725 Wisconsin Ave NW
966-9835
Posters
Black Lights
Leather Bell-Bottoms 59¢ with this ad.
Incense
Clothing
Headgear, etc.

WANTED
Female Lead VOCALIST
No Hassles-willing to travel.
Different sounding voice necessary.
Call RON 434-8680

Disgust.
Desire.
Eat your shit? Your own?

Did you know that all little babies eat their own shit and love it? They are taught to repress the taste for feces, and this denial changes a simple desire for shit into a fascination which conflicts with the repression. The result is active disgust, a repulsion you just can't leave alone.

I think that's what Belle de Jour is all about. That kind of a real disgust for physical pleasure and the accompanying inability to leave it alone. The girl in Bunuel's newest movie achieves a virtuous separation: pleasure from brutish hoodlums with gold-capped teeth, "pure" and romantic love for her husband. It's fantastic. Go see it. The ads are misleading. They say, "A masterpiece of Erotica." It is, but there is little flesh and less sex. But fantasies are extensions of our skin (what do you know of your body that you are sure of, anyway?) This flick keeps taking you one step farther off or along -- each jump is more fantastic; realities are dream plays taken from dreams created by the realities of the Catholic churches' repressive world of wish-fulfilling dreams and fantastic rituals. ("This is my body, eat it kid.") For those of you who saw the movie made of Genet's The Balcony and hated it as much as I did, here is a piece similar to the play's first part done right, finally. Only the revolution is left out.

An awful farce. The woman, good, old, creamy Catherine Deneuve, takes her neurosis to a real conclusion. I've never seen a movie before that described Heaven as Neurotic Perfection. But that is just Bunuel's usual message of optimism, joy, light, and subjective salvation. Bunuel is the same cat who made Viritiana and The Exterminating Angels.

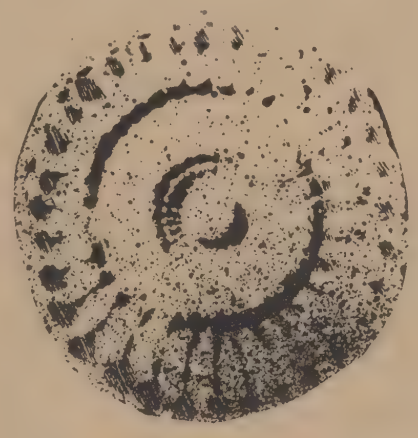
Belle De Jour is playing at the Janus Theatres on Connecticut and R, NW. Go in the afternoons during the week, since the prices are outrageous any other times. But go! It's really amazing.

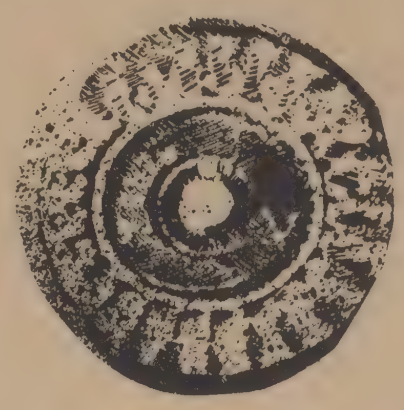
Reveal the process. Exactly how it happened. Not how it came out. If....

Lots of ideas going on about how to make a New Group New Year's Eve Party. Touch events. Popper events. Dressing, undressing. Paintings destroyed somewhere. Phones ringing. People talking about doing this, doing that. But no house to do it in. If we....

Suddenly, a house. Chris Harithas produces a house. Eric Rudd and Patsy McGowin phone people. Michael Grossman calls, promises nude visitors, twenty mirrors, a rock band. If we could....

The day of the party we roll into Eric Rudd's house. Eric Rudd, nervous, calling for volunteers to sweep the floor. He is told that trash is sculpture. Somebody named Demuth comes and promises a pornographic tape. We jointly discover a mural in one of the rooms and I arrange with Ed McGowin to forge his name to the wall, making it, at least for 24 hours, a work of art. (Eric Rudd vows to cover the signature with white paint the next day.) McGowin also makes a vinyl pillow, inflated by a vacuum cleaner, for the doorway. Susie Miller covers the downstairs with slides. Cochise Francis is coming to touch people. Gerald Morin arrives with flood lamps for an interrogation room. All night long, his friends will escort subjects to the room to be taped and photographed.





Tamara Vidos arrives from New York and volunteers to become a participative human being ("with whom you can play", the sign reads, "upon the fulfillment of certain conditions"). Should we put words on the wall explaining all this to the visitors? I guess not. If we could only....

I am setting up a piece called 811-6 a phone that rings all night. Bill Christenberry supplies a podium and a cover; I, a spot light. But all night, predictably, people answer it. A way of restoring traditional reference, draining the strangeness away. We know what a phone is for. It is to be answered, not looked at or listened to. If we could only grant. If we could only grant life. If we could only grant life the. If we could only grant life the same.

It is a beautiful party, people shouting, laughing, dancing, not knowing what the time is. How much the beauty is affected by the knowledge that something else is there, going on in the rooms above, moving between the people. An event of some kind. Or is it just part of the party? Where is the Happening? What is a happening? Firecrackers, poppers, incense, and touching. If we could only grant life the same reverence. The same reverence we grant.

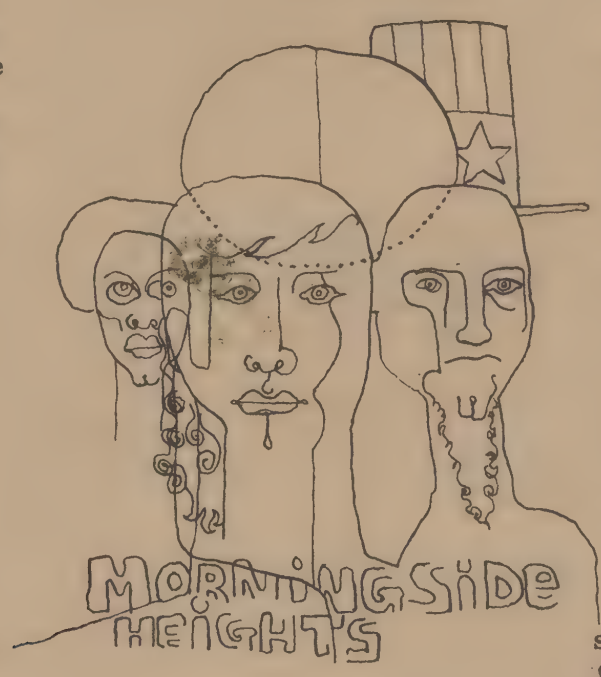
Four kids sit in the middle of the dance floor and read a newspaper. Applause. Until. A man starts kicking, wanting to dance. Upstairs the mural has been signed and re-signed. Where is the happening? If we could only grant life the same reverence we grant art.

by DOUGLAS DAVIS

by Seltaeb.

It began at Georgetown University; it blew GU's. mind. It moved across town to 14th and up to Kennedy. There it received nourishment and grew. In a few months it will explode on Washington. What is it? MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS, an original tragicomic musical version of the Columbia University Riots.

The authors, two Georgetown students, initially submitted their work to Georgetown U. in competition for the "traditional" spring musical. Much to Dr. Donn Murphy's embarrassment, it proved to be the best. However, he and the governing board of the drama society demanded certain changes. They objected to the play's radical approach in technique and substance. The authors refused to prostitute their integrity and were issued an ultimatum, either cooperate or "leave the project". They walked out and found a more hospitable home at Reginald Farmer's unique Polemic Theatre.



The Polemic is Farmer's pet project. Acting independently, he is determined to give Washington uncensored, imaginative theater. Dan Maziarz (book and lyrics) and Pat Bradley (music) auditioned their play for him and were immediately and enthusiastically accepted the same day, the dream of every playwright. Instead of Georgetown's unsympathetic and repressive attitude, they were hit with openness and a blank check. "Just don't get us all arrested", said Farmer.

The play does break many traditional rules of drama and musicals. Dan Maziarz considers it a transitional play, midway between traditional theatre and the total involvement approach of guerrilla theatre. "The last part of the play demands the audience to participate", said Maziarz. "The line between actors and audience is broken, and all are thrown together to decide their fate. The audience has the option to either leave or stay for the finale. If they stay...." He refused to elaborate.

The music is varied and different. Classical, soul, jazz, African and hard rock have all had their influences. The numbers range from the comical, Karl Marx Was A Family Man to the serious, Revolution, a song conceived before the Beatles revolted. "That's how our play is", said Bradley, "right on the pulse beat. We have a great idea, and look, the Beatles release a similar thing."

Bradley is aiming at a new concept of music in the play, "liberated" music. Within a basic framework, the musicians are left plenty of leeway to improvise. This even includes some chorus numbers. "However, my favorite piece", said Bradley, "is where I repeat the same note for several minutes. The concept is akin to Buddhists repeating the same phrase over and over again, like om. I intend for the audience to really get into the music". Much of the music is discordant to symbolize the struggle and estrangement occurring throughout most of the play. "It's not broadway".

The play has already stirred up controversy, "and we intend to stir up more", said Maziarz. The theatre is announcing open auditions to actors, actresses, singers, dancers, musicians (especially a black-African combo to do their own original work), and stage crew (psychedellic effects experts welcomed) of all races to join in the controversy making. There is freedom to express yourself and contribute to an original work about today. Rehearsals begin Feb. 1 and the show will open in late March or early April for a two month run. Only those available for the complete time should apply. For a personal audition call Reginald Farmer at 726-5064 or visit the theatre at 1365 Kennedy St., NW.

GENTLEMAN, 40, intellectual, will meet ladies for unusual gay pleasures. Can please every wish. Absolute discretion and sincerity. Daytime or evenings. Box L, WFP

Make $100s or $1000s in just weeks. "NO WORK" Just sit back and let others make money for you. Write Money, Box 305, Seaford, Virginia. 25¢ for everything you need. (No Joke-It Works).

CO-OP needs another mate. Single $110, double $55. A/C, 20th & Belmont NW. Box 34 WFP.

PSYCH MAJOR POET in Army needs to meet gentle intellectual female(s) who love life. No car. Low cash. Much love, not only sex. Write Dave Brzozowy ARAC, Ft. Myer, Va. or call Ext. 68107, 6 pm to 6 am, Mon. thru Fri.

WANTED: High school writers who wish to bitch about anything and see it in a new high school free press newspaper called Mac Review. Call Andy at 765-6428, or Newt at 356-4353.

IF YOU dig drawing the figure, then people come to Drawing Workshop at 1007 K St. NW on Thursdays at 7:30 pm. For additional information, call Switchboard, 638-4301.

HORNY FEMALE cat (Siamese) desperately needs horny male cat -- 522-4253.

BUILDING materials, electrical and plumbing equipment are needed by Home Free. If you have any of these materials Call Switchboard, 638-4301.

HIND 1/4: It's NOT what's up front that counts! Your friendly neighborhood dealer of leather things 'n' stuff. 7502 Rhode Island Ave (corner of College Ave.), College Park, Maryland. Bring this ad and get 50¢ discount.

NEGRO MALE, 25, has apartment in Oxon Hill available for parties, nude gatherings, etc. Also seeks girls of any race who enjoy French arts. Call George at 894-7433 anytime.

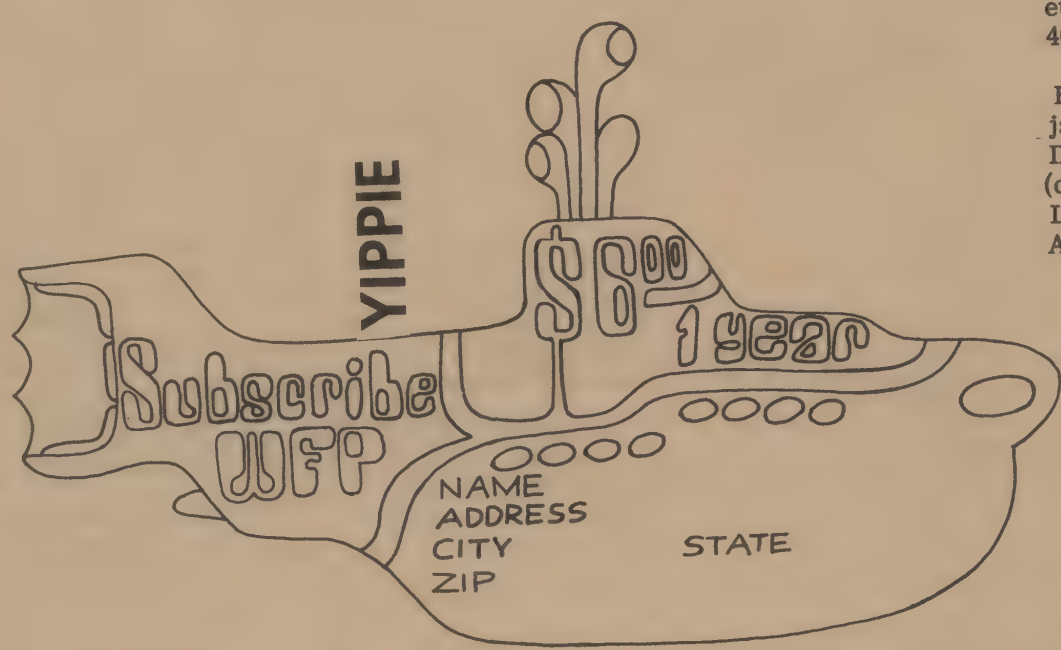
WOMEN: Now sex when you want it -- the way you want it! Your every desire or need satisfied! Let this soul brother sock it to you!! Send your name and phone number to PO Box 1702, Washington, DC 20013.

YOUNG MAN would like to meet young, discreet woman for every mutual pleasure. Write Box 461, Bowie, Md. 20715. Letter, photo, phone, Will reciprocate.

FREE PRESS CO-OP car needs 2 tires. 5 5 x 15 in Call 638-6379 for Michael

SUBSCRIBE to ABAS & get free GNP poster. $2.50/10 issue sub. from ABAS, 420 Summer Ave. Newark, N. J.

MARRIED MAN seeks young girl, 19-26, for 69 and sodomy. Send photo and phone number to WFP Box O.



FREE PRESS CO-OP needs lamps, silverware, furniture, tables, light bulbs, etc. -- Call 638-6379 for Mary.

AUTHOR would like to interview couples who have participated in wife swapping. Ask for Willi, 582-9022 after 6 pm.

JAWA -- Czech scooter. $125. Good condition. Good short-haul transportation. Call 587-8178. Get it for spring.

DISCREET MALE, 29, white, will model or serve as masseur, servant for ladies, men, couples. Leave phone number. Box 14 WFP.

I would like to meet young girls who like to have a good time. Box 4 WFP.

FUR COATS in great shape. $10-$35. Call 547-1677.

POSTER BLOWUPS -- $4 each, 24 x 36. Send pics, photos, BLOWUP, Box 9703, Wash., DC 20016.

GOOD LOOKING white male, 27, would like to meet attractive single or married females for a swinging mod. time and sexciting relationships. Box 439 WFP.

MARIJUANA POSTER -- Full color, 24 x 36 -- $2. Mail: POSTER, Box 9703, Wash. DC 20016.

ROOMMATE wanted. Young woman, 22, needs girl to share apt., 1841 R St. NW. You pay $75 per month. Call 265-8064.

THE PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING MANUAL includes complete instructions for building strobes, color organs, light machines, etc. Send $2 to Lightworks, 407 Fifth Ave, NYC.

Heavy, screechy, sweet, blues, jazz-rock, describes WALRUS, INC., now emerging in Md. area, (call Dale 301-782-7379) and Leesburg, Va. (call Mike or Anthony 703-822-3501).

MAN WITH HANG-UP pose for pics. White teenybopper. $25/2 hours. Won't touch your lily-white body. Send phone to Jones, Box 395, Kensington, Md. 20795.

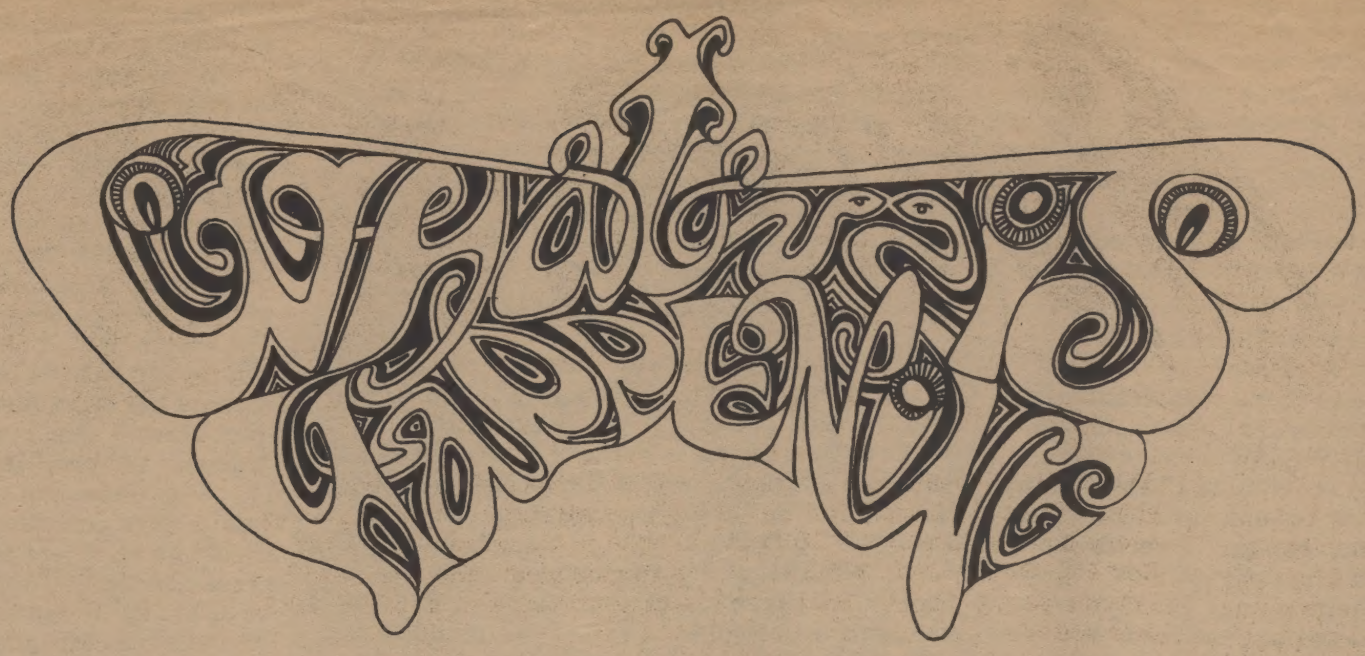
NEED two companions for car trip to Central America on March. Purpose is to take movie. Will share profits of movie if costs are shared. Call 638-6377 after 7.

PART-TIME RESEARCH ASSISTANT wanted by Professional SEXOLOGIST Roger Blake, Ph.D., PO Box 10443, Washington, DC 20021 or Tel. 298-8767.

PSYCHEDELIC CATALOGUE: stoned pipes, incense, lights, apparel. Specify Retail or Wholesale -- i.e. legal herb joints: $1-pkg. 30. The 7th Veil, 45 E. 7th St., N.Y. 10009

DOCILE MALE student, 22, wants to meet dominant chicks for fun and games. Call John at 832-3297, or write Box 123 WFP. Will do anything to please.

MODELS CO-OP is a newly formed group of legitimate guys and chicks who like to model for drawing, painting and photography classes as well as for individual and groups of serious legitimate artists. All the job referrals are made through the models co-op. If you are interested in modeling or if you are an artist in need of competent beautiful models and are serious and legitimate, give Willow Young a call at Switchboard -638 4301.



FRIDAY, JANUARY 17

FILM. "Luv." U of Maryland, Student Union Ballroom, 7 and 9 pm. 35¢
CONCERT. Beaux Arts Quartet. Library of Congress, Coolidge Auditorium, 8:30 pm. Call 393-4463 for reservations. 25¢.
BAND CONCERT. U.S. Navy Band, Departmental Aud., 13th and Constitution Ave., 8:30 pm, free.
MOTORCYCLE WORKSHOP. 1007 K St., nw, Everyone welcome. Free. 4-8 pm.
GUITAR LESSONS. 1007 K St., nw. Everyone welcome. 2-5pm. Free.

(1961) Patrice Lumumba murdered.
COFFEEHOUSE. The Iguana, Luther Place Church, 9-12 pm. 50¢.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18

FILM. "Luv." U of Maryland, Student Union Ballroom, 7 and 9 pm. 35¢.
★ BOYCOTT. Start of a week-long boycott of Coca-Cola. Buy wine!
RECEPTION for distinguished ladies. Part of the Inaugural Calendar. National Gallery of Art. 2-5 pm. Good place for guerrilla theatre.
RECEPTION. Young America's Inaugural Salute. Part of the Inaugural Calendar. Washington Hilton 4-7pm. Young Americans let's "salute" our new president.
BALL. Inaugural All-American Gala. Part of the Inaugural Calendar. National Armory, 9 pmm.
★ WORKSHOP for The Movement. Hawthorne School, 501 I St., SW. 9 am- 9pm.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 19

FILM. "Luv." U of Maryland, Student Union Ballroom. 7:30pm. 35¢.
INAUGURATION SERVICES. Washington National Cathedral. 11 am.
INAUGURATION CONCERT. National Gallery Orchestra, National Gallery of Art. East Garden Court.
INAUGURAL CONCERT. Washington National Symphony Orchestra, DAR Constitution Hall, 8:30 pm. For ticket information call NA 8 7332.
GOVERNORS' RECEPTION. Part of the Inaugural Calendar. Sheraton-Park Hotel, 2-5 pm. Give an appropriate welcome to your favorite governor.
RECEPTION. Honoring the Vice-president elect and Mrs. Agnew. Smithsonian Museum of History and Technology, 5-8pm.
SERVICES. "The Ethics of the Guatemalan Revolution." Given by Mr. and Mrs. T. Melville, who were kicked out of Guatemala for being too friendly with the guerrillas. Washington Ethical Society, 7750 16th St., nw. 10:45.
★ FILMS. SDS Film Festival. "The Haight Riots", "The Panthers". Movies on Pigs and new Cuban films. St. Stephen's Church, 16th & Newton. 8pm and contributions welcome.
COFFEEHOUSE. The Iguana, Luther Place Church, 14th & N, NW. 9-1 am., 50¢
SERVICE. All Souls Unitarian Church. Art Waskow will do his thing. 11 am.
PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT opens. Jerry Lake. Sign of Jonah, 2138 P st., nw.
★ MARCH and RALLY for Inauguration. Rally at 10am
★ to march up 15th St. to Pa. to 3rd and back to the Mall.
COUNTER-INAUGURAL BALL.
★ Begins 7 pm.

★ MONDAY, JANUARY 20

pm. INAUGURATION DAY. Be
★ out in the streets to greet your new president.
AUDITIONS for "A View from the Bridge." Back Alley Theatre. 7-10 pm at the Church of the Reformation, 212 E. Capitol St.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 21

AUDITIONS. See listing Jan. 20.
FILM and discussion. "Sixteen in Webster Groves." Oxon Hill Library, 5450 Oxon Hill Rd. 7:30 pm.
★ INAUGURATION of the Pig Governor by the Yippies in Wilmington, Del. Park in the center of town.
MOTORCYCLE WORKSHOP. See listing Jan. 17.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22

FILM. "Mark Twain's America." Smithsonian. 2 pm (at Museum of History and Technology) and 8 pm (at Museum of Natural History).
AUDITIONS. See listing Jan. 20.
FILM. "Williamsburg--the Story of a Patriot" and "Rainshower." Laurel (Stanley) Library, 507 7th St. 7 pm
ILLUSTRATED LECTURE-- "Can Americans Age with Security and Dignity?" Institute of Lifetime Learning, Dupont Theatre. 10 am. FREE.
JOURNALISM WORKSHOP, 7-10 pm, 1007 K St. NW, Everyone welcome! Free.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 23

FILM. "Mark Twain's America." Smithsonian. 12 Noon at Museum of History and Technology.
AUDITIONS -- See listing Jan. 20.
BAND CONCERT -- U.S. Air Force Band, Museum of Natural History, Smithsonian 8:30 pm. Free.
DANCE PROGRAM -- Paul Taylor, modern dance concert, Washington Performing Arts Society, Lisner Aud., GWU, 8:30 pm. $2.50-$5.50.
ART WORKSHOP -- 8 pm, 1007 K St. NW, Everyone welcome! Free.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 24

CHOREOGRAPHERS' CONCERT -- Georgetown Workshop, 1519 Wisconsin Ave. NW, 8:30 pm. $2.00. Box office open one hour before performance.
AUDITIONS -- See listing Jan. 20.
FILM. "Nijuyon No Hitome" (24 Eyes) -- Japan-American Society of Washington, Freer Gallery of Art, Auditorium, 8 pm, $2.00.
CONCERT. Kontarsky Bros. duo pianists. Library of Congress, Coolidge Aud., 8:30 pm. Tickets 25¢. Call 393-4463.
BAND CONCERT. U.S. Navy Band, Departmental Aud., 13th & Constitution NW, 8:30 pm. Free.
MOTORCYCLE WORKSHOP. See listing Jan. 17.
GUITAR LESSONS. See listing Jan. 17.
COFFEEHOUSE. See listing Jan. 17.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25

CHOREOGRAPHERS' CONCERT. See listing Jan. 24.
AUDITIONS for "A View from the Bridge", Back Alley Theatre at 212 E. Capitol St. 3-6 pm.
CLASSICAL GUITAR CONCERT. Pomponio & Zarate, Washington Performing Arts Society, Lisner Aud., GWU,

SUNDAY, JANUARY 26

CHOREOGRAPHERS' CONCERT. Georgetown Workshop. 1519 Wisc. Ave. NW. 5:30 pm. & 7:30 pm. $2.00. Box office open one hour before performance.

He's fucking.....
He's FUCKING YOU rock concert. B, S & T/Spirit at Alexandria Roller Rink. Durwood C. Settles, local motherfucker promoter, screws the community again by charging $5. Boycott, break-in, or offer a reasonable sum. Up against the wall/DCS. (This is a community service advertisement.)

GROK CONCERT. 1 pm. Listen to Frank Richard's Electric Brew (102.3 FM, 9-12 pm, Sunday-Friday) for all details. FREE. FREE. FREE. Boycott Durwood C. Settles and dig a GROK concert.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 28

JAZZ WORKSHOP. New Thing Art & Architecture Center, St. Margaret's Church, Conn. Ave. & Bancroft Pl. NW, 8 pm. Refreshments $1.00. 35¢
MOTORCYCLE WORKSHOP. See listing Jan. 17.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29

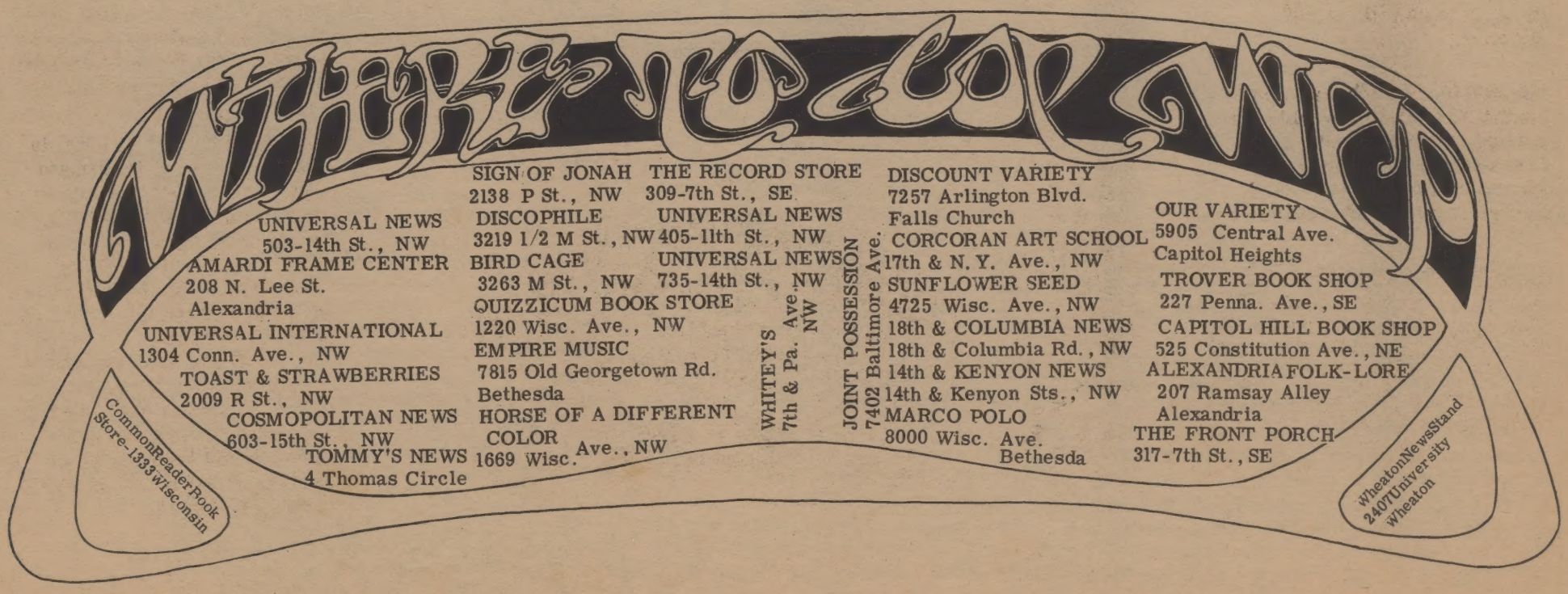
FILM. Smithsonian. "Clay" and "The Weapons of Gordon Parks". 2 pm (at Museum of Hist. & Tech.) and 8 pm (at Museum of Nat. Hist.).
FILM. "The Red Balloon" and "That's Me". Laurel (Stanley) Library. 507-7th St. 7 pm.
ILLUSTRATED LECTURE. "Opportunities You Are Missing". Institute of Lifetime Learning, Dupont Theatre. 10 am. Free.
SQUARE DANCING. Luther Place Church, 14th & Thomas Circle, NW. 8:30-10:30 pm.
JOURNALISM WORKSHOP. See listing Jan. 22.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 30.

FILM. Smithsonian. "Clay" and "The Weapons of Gordon Parks". 12 Noon (at Museum of Hist. & Technology).
CONCERT. Igor Kipnis, world famous harpsichordist. The Corcoran in the Gallery Aud. $1.00 for guests of members. If not a guest or a member, go anyway and they will give you membership information.
THEATRE PROGRAM. "The Tale of Kasane", "Blueprints", and "The Critic". National Theatre of the Deaf, Gallaudet College Aud., 8th & Florida Ave. NE. $4.00.
ART WORKSHOP. See listing Jan. 23.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 31

CHOREOGRAPHERS' CONCERT. See Jan. 24 listing.
CONCERT. N.Y. Woodwind Quintet, Library of Congress, Coolidge Aud., 8:30 pm, 25¢. Call 393-4463.
BAND CONCERT. U.S. Navy Band, Departmental Aud., 13th & Constitution NW, 8:30 pm. Free.
BALLET. National Ballet, "Concert Barocco", "La Sonambula", and "Homage". Lisner Aud., GWU, 8:30 pm. $2-$6.
MOTORCYCLE WORKSHOP. See listing Jan. 17.
GUITAR LESSONS. See listing Jan. 17.
COFFEEHOUSE. See listing Jan. 17.



men were prominent in WYEAC. The seven claim they were being fired at and had fled for cover. There were 10 bullet holes in the van, but it is a mystery who fired them. Mrs. Brown stated that she would not have objected to the entry of these persons into her home had she known of the shooting. Nevertheless, the seven were found guilty and are now on bail while their case is being appealed.

On Labor Day weekend another incident occurred which was crucial in the inflation of the white fear psychosis and the continuance of the Guard's presence. Cherry Island marsh is a deserted area near the city borders. Local people go there occasionally to shoot rats on the dump piles. On August 30, 6 black youths -- all WYEAC members -- were arrested while shooting at Cherry Island. The six were wearing buttons, available from any psychedelic shop, saying, "I am already drafted in the Black Liberation Army." Immediately their activities were depicted as "practicing guerilla warfare tactics", and the belief spread that there really was a Black Liberation Army in Wilmington. Within the next few days, raids were made on the homes of the six and on WYEAC offices. The raids netted 2,000 rounds of shotgun shells, 1,350 rounds of .22 calibre cartridges, and 18-inch machete, a shotgun, and a starter pistol. That is hardly the weaponry of a Liberation Army. The pistol was the only weapon found in the WYEAC offices; everything else was found in the homes of the six. Bail was set at $48,000 on 10 charges of illegal possession of firearms, discharging of firearms, and possession of marijuana.

On October 30, a further incident involving WYEAC occurred. Robert Barber, one of those arrested at Cherry Island, was picked up by the FBI on suspicion of being a deserter

renew its grants to the organization.

Even though federal monies had already been cut off, the McClellan Committee nevertheless scheduled hearings on WYEAC for October 8 to 11. They heard no members of the group nor did they contact anyone who had been a member. Relying solely on reports of their own investigators and on witnesses (like Mrs. Herlihy) sympathetic to the local Democratic party which was hostile to WYEAC, McClellan's group simply put the weight of the federal government behind the local efforts of suppression.

The only feeble voice raised in opposition to the efforts and aims of the McClellan investigation was that of GWDC. It supported WYEAC publicly while privately cooperating in police investigations of the organization, and despite its public posture, rescinded its own WYEAC funding.

GWDC represents an eight-year old effort by Wilmington's monied interests to solve community problems. While it allies itself with the black community on some issues, it does so only in ways which are compatible with the corporate interests of those who finance it. It does not so much seek economic independence or political maturity for Wilmington's blacks, as that they should become better employees and more capable consumers: poverty is unacceptable not so much because it is inhuman or causes suffering, as because it involves decreased purchasing power and increased potential for social disruption.

In Wilmington, corporate interests can be summed up in a single word: DuPont. The DuPont family represents the largest private concentration of wealth in the country, with a fortune worth upwards of 7.5 billion dollars. Both of Wilmington's newspapers and its main radio station are owned by the DuPonts, and

concern for making profit is at the heart of the question of the social responsibility of the business community. Fearful of having its profit-making patterns adversely affected, the business community, both locally and nationally, has made only a superficial investment in certain 'experimental and demonstration projects'.... The American business world has achieved success and bigness to a large extent from the flagrant exploitation of the black man, first through slavery and subsequently through continued economic bondage. The notion that America had achieved economic power only through 'rugged individualism' ignores the many historical sins that have been perpetrated upon black citizens, American Indians, and poor whites."

For those who look to the large corporation to save our cities, then, Wilmington should be an object lesson. Despite the pretenses of the Urban Coalition and the theology of urban uplift espoused by Nixon's ghetto guru Daniel P. Moynihan, continued paternalism and economic dependency cannot solve the problems of America's black community. Corporate imperialism for America's poor, like imperialism everywhere, leads to military solutions.

A group of white Wilmingtonians has recently formed an organization known as the White Coalition for Justice Without Repression, in response to the presence of the Guard. Their efforts to mobilize public opinion against the Guard have been hampered by the apathy of persons like the white storekeeper who said, "Why get upset? It's only a few soldiers." On the other hand, influential citizens who have spoken out have been met with remarkable hostility from the power structure: when some sixty clergymen issued a statement calling for removal of the Guard,

POLICE STATE (CON'T FROM PAGE THREE)

from the U.S. Army. The two FBI agents were attacked by Barber's friends and Barber was freed. A police dragnet led to the arrest of thirteen persons. It was no coincidence that among the first persons arrested were three WYEAC staff members, four former WYEAC staff members, and three of the Cherry Island six. The police had carefully scrutinized WYEAC payroll records for their list of suspects. Clearly, the intent was not so much to find out who beat the FBI agents as to secure the incarceration of certain blacks known to be politically active.

At present it is unknown exactly how many blacks have been arrested in Wilmington or how many are still in jail. A cursory review of newspaper articles indicates at least 130 names whose arrests for such charges as "disorderly conduct", "breach of peace", "resisting arrest", "failure to move on ", and so forth, could have represented political harrassment. Many have been arrested a number of times. The court records are poor and nobody in the clerk's office knows for sure the number remaining in jail! There are at least 30 -- there could be many more.

On August 21, George Johnson of the Community Action Program wrote to Maceo Hubbard, Chief of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division, Eastern Region, complaining of police harrassment and documenting eight cases of police brutality. Johnson's report was apparently ignored. Indeed the arrests over the summer completely discredited WYEAC's program and destroyed the WYEAC leadership. When the program first began to get governmental funds, Mrs. Thomas Herlihy, Jr. resigned from Wilmington's anti-poverty agency because she was opposed to the street-gang types that WYEAC represented. Her husband, Judge Thomas Herlihy, Jr. successfully vindicated his wife's position as the municipal judge who presided over the bail hearings, arraignments and trials of the persons arrested in the WYEAC van incident, the Cherry Island incident, and the FBI assault.

These cases created in the white community an image of WYEAC as a group of cynical street toughs who used public monies to finance armed insurrection. Although WYEAC has claimed a membership of over 2,000 and denied involvement with any so-called "Black Liberation Army", the repeated harrassment and arrest of its leadership has led many to believe the project a complete failure. On October 1, 1968, OEO stated that it would not

the city skyline is dominated by the DuPont Building, the Nemours Building, the Delaware Trust Company, the Farmers' Bank Building, and the Wilmington Trust Company, all either owned or controlled by the DuPonts. Two of the four city high schools were built by private DuPont money and named for members of the family. Of the 250,000 people in New Castle County, 30,000 were employed directly by the DuPont Company. The other major employers in town are Hercules Powder Company and Atlas Chemical Company, both DuPont spin-offs resulting from government anti-trust litigation earlier in the century. Both Chrysler and General Motors (which the DuPont Company used to control directly) have assembly plants in Wilmington.

With such a large concentration of wealth and power in the hands of a single family, there are no independent political forces in Wilmington. Centuries of paternalistic largesse have created a psychology of dependency for everyone: "they" will take care of things. Others hesitate to speak out or work on independent projects for fear of conflict with DuPont's all-wise and all-knowing plans.

GWDC's over-all planning strategy for the city puts heavy stress on attracting new industry, building bigger and better shopping centers, constructing a super highway which will allow people easier access to the suburbs, and creating a new technical college. Its efforts in education have been nil. A two-year study of racial imbalance in Wilmington's public schools is still on the drawing boards. In housing it has recently developed plans for predominantly moderate income housing in northeastern Wilmington which the present black residents of the area could not afford. GWDC's major ghetto effort has been the Neighborhood Improvement Association, which sponsors sweep-up campaigns and block beautification programs to gild the ghetto.

James Sills, executive director of the Association of Greater Wilmington Neighborhood Centers and recently elected member of City Council, has pointed out: "In our Wilmington community, GWDC, with its expanding social consciousness, does not genuinely represent a large number of Wilmington business firms, contrary to the impression of some. Moreover, those that are represented, such as DuPont, Hercules, and Atlas, have exhibited no real inclination to use the influence and power of their economic institutions to attack the 'gut issues' of our times.... The

Governor Terry denounced them in a vitriolic attack which suggested they stick to their pastoral duties and stop preaching "what is next to revolution." In conjunction with the Black United Council, the White Coalition has been pressing three basic demands which may be summarized as: 1) removal of the National Guard; 2) release of black political prisoners; and 3) severance of DuPont control over community affairs. Governor-elect Russell W. Peterson, for many years a DuPont executive, has refused to address himself to these demands. He has repeatedly insisted that he will disclose his intentions with respect to the Guard only after his inauguration on January 21. There are indications he will eventually remove the Guard, if only to save money and disassociate himself from his predecessor whose style has been blunt and bossy. But if the Guard leaves without the larger issues having been raised, the experiment in military repression will have succeeded.

To prevent this happening, a demonstration has been called in Wilmington for Jan. 21 -- the day the new governor is to be inaugurated in Dover. The demonstration will take place in Wilmington's Rodney Square, which is dominated on one side by the Municipal Building and on the other side by Du Pont headquarters. That is where the current struggle must be focused. The demonstration is sponsored by two national organizations, People Against Racism (PAR) and Communications Network, who have been working in Wilmington and are in contact with both the White Coalition and the United Council. They are also helping mobilize folks outside Wilmington. PAR is coordinating information, housing and transportation from its movement center in Hawthorne School, 501 I Street, SW (554-3144) this weekend. Wilmingtonians will guide out-of-state visitors around the city before the rally in Rodney Square.

Hopefully this demonstration will strengthen the position of those in Delaware who believe that the use of military force in response to human problems is not acceptable. It can also help to assure that what has happened in Wilmington will not be ignored elsewhere as demonstrators return to the struggle against repression in their own communities. Wilmington may represent only the first example of what the partisans of law and order have in mind for all of us. For the problems of Wilmington, there are no outsiders.

VITAL

Here are a few tips for making the most out of your stay here in the Nation's Capital:

Bring the Family: Come with your friends. Keep your eye on them and they'll keep their collective eye on you.

Wear Clothes: They will keep you warm and protect you from a hostile environment. Wear a couple pairs of socks and bring gloves. Don't bring more than you can carry with you at all times.

Your Housing: Will be the floor of your choice. Bring a sleeping bag or blankets. College dorms, movement centers, and churches will be used. The number to call for all housing info is 347-6723. The Washington Free Community will house as many brothers as is needed in our homes.

Legal Aid: Has been set, but bring your own bail money. Mass arrests are not being anticipated. If you are busted, the number to call for legal aid is 347-6723.

The Communications Center for all action is Rm. 600, 1029 Vermont Ave. The number there is 347-6723. The Washington Switchboard will also give all information. Switchboard is 638-4301.

COUNTER-INAUGURAL BALL

The event of a lifetime!!! SEE: Hordes of bodies. SEE: Light Shows to fool the mind by Pablo, Psychedelic Power and Light Co. HEAR: Judy Collins, Phil Ochs. TOUCH: The American Playground. DANCE UNTIL YOU FAINT, Children of God, Silver Apples, Fallen Angels. SMELL the Fugs. BE THERE WHEN IT HAPPENS, DEATH OF AMERICA, BIRTH OF A REVOLUTION!!!! NON-STOP UNDER THE BIG TENT. Bring incense, shit paper, streamers, balloons, LSD, love, wine, food, pot. YOU PUT YOUR WHOLE SELF IN, YOU PUT YOUR WHOLE SELF OUT, YOU PUT YOUR WHOLE SELF IN AND YOU SHAKE IT ALL ABOUT!!!!

FIRST-AID

There will be 20 first-aid stations set up by the government. At ALL of these locations there will be at least one plain clothes pig. If you really need first-aid, go there but tell them you fell down. Try to carry a piece of clean cloth 24 inches by 24 inches that can be used for first-aid. The hospitals in the area are: Casualty Hospital, 708 Mass. Ave. 269-7000; D.C. General Hospital, 19th & C St. SE, 626-5000; Doctors' Hospital, 1815 I St. NW, 541-1000; G.W.U. MAO Center, 901 23rd St. NW, 331-0200; Georgetown U. Hospital, 3800 Reservoir Rd. NW, 625-0100; Washington Hospital Center, 110 Irving St. NW, 541-0500. Check your map for the locations of the first-aid stations.

Bring and wear head protection if you have it.

MACE -- Large amounts of water is the recommended treatment. Carry a canteen.

If you use vaseline on your face, be sure all skin is covered. If there is the smallest opening in the vaseline, the mace or tear gas can enter, spread, and be effectively trapped next to the skin.

JANUARY 18 CONFERENCE

A conference on the movement will be held all day January 18 at the Hawthorne School, 501 I St. SW. The program of conferences, seminars, and workshops will begin to really look at the movement, see where it's going, and how to get it there.

Some of the things that will be rapped about are: G.I. Organizing, Underground Media, Anti-Draft Work, Campus Rebellions, Politicizing Unions, New Political Parties, Political Theater, The Grape Strike, Women's Liberation, White Working Class Youth, Radical Professionals, High School Organizing, White Racism, Welfare Rights, Black Liberation, Law and Order under Nixon, Military Intervention, Guatamala, and many more along the same vein.

Registration at the conference will be $3.00, with the understanding that no one will be turned away for lack of money.

INFORMATION

JANUARY 19 MARCH

Today we will march in the spirit of 1776 and in honor of Pigasus J. Pig. A rally at Sylvan Theatre at 10 o'clock will be followed by a march. The march will follow 15th St. to Penn Ave. to 3rd and back to the mall Bring with you costumes, hair, giggles, incense, bodies, pot, ballowns, yoyos, bodies, dancing girls, masks, ropes, flowers, energy, flags, bodies, love, balls, ribbons, colors, music, PIGS, hats, banners, food, bodies, flaming crosses, rice, candy, goodies, slogans, flesh, rocks, lights, bodies, noisemakers, buttons, poles, hope, fruit, cornflakes, YOUR BODY.

PARADE

January 20th is the day we will get a chance to actually see their President ! ! With a couple of hints we can assure ourselves of a good show.

Try to stay within a group of straight people. If they move away from your group, hug them.

Don't wear any jewelry, and try to keep your hair close to your head, as policemen's fingers sometimes become entangled in these.

Wear good boots that can be stood in or upon.

In every group there should be one canteen. If you are tear gassed, breathe through a wet cloth Everyone should carry at least two handkerchiefs. If you can't get water, breathe through your nose--it will help some.

Bring a lot of eggs, tomatoes, and rotten fruit. If you become tired of carrying these, you can leave them with someone.

After the parade, if you're still up to it you might like to see one or two other "points of interest" around Washington. Check the map for the locations of the Selective Service Board, F. B. I. Building, and others.

If you get busted it's a real down to be holding, so only bring enough for immediate service.

All movement action should take place on the north side of Penn. Ave., because on the south side there is no place to run to if the gettin' gets good Everyone should try to be on the north side between 12th and 15th Sts.

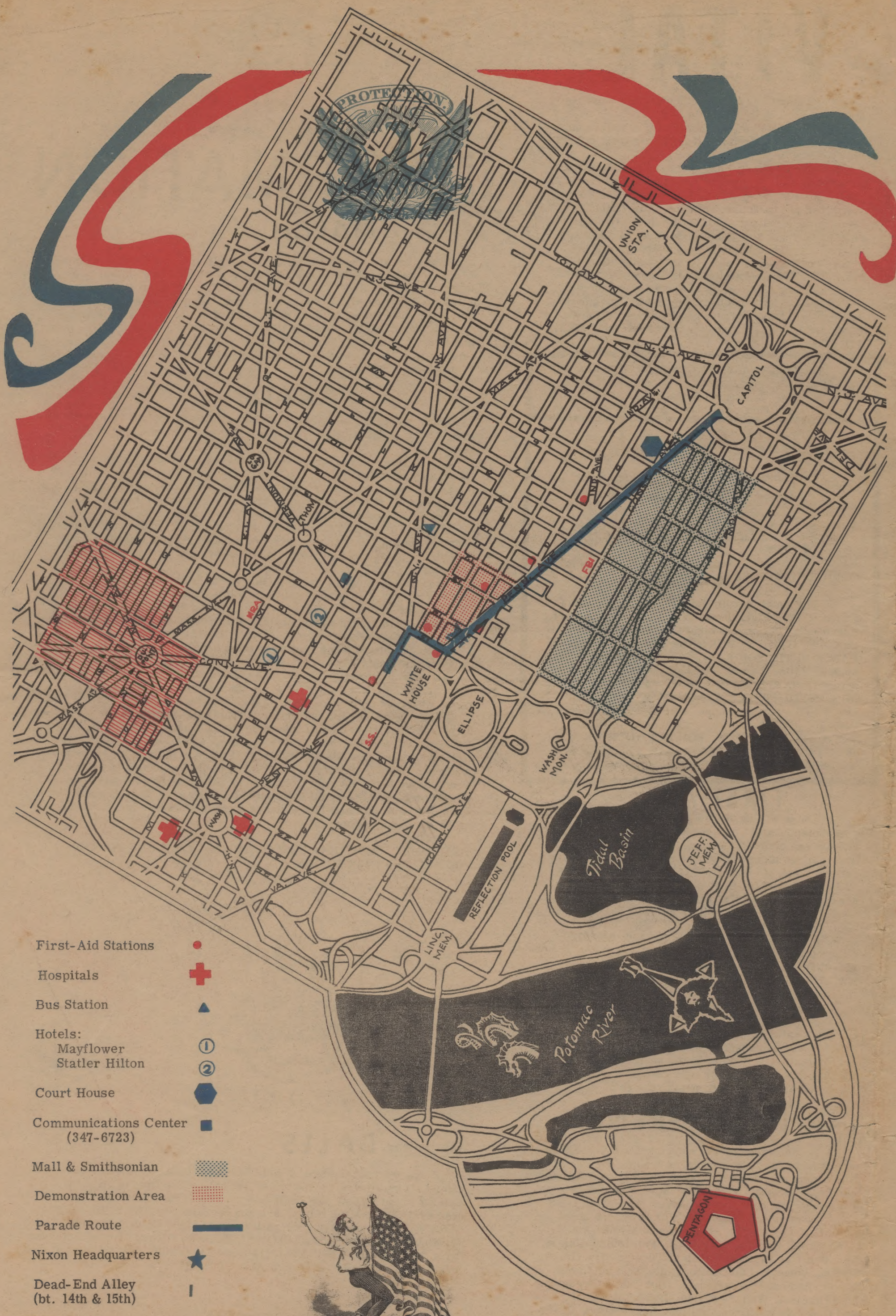
A word about the turf--Penn. and 15th is the best place for people who know what they're doing and how to do it. That area could get real hot. Between 15th and 14th Sts., there is a dead-end alley. It looks like a good place to run but it's a death trap. If you are in the alley there is no place to go but UP AGAINST THE WALL !! On the corner of 14th and Penn. is the Nixon Headquarters. DO IT DO IT !! At 13th and Penn. there is a park. It is small but would be a very good place to meet. Along Penn between 12th and 13th Sts. are a group of small stores. These will all be open when we are there.

REMEMBER, WHAT HAPPENS ON THE 20TH IS WHAT YOU DO!! YOU ARE THE REVOLUTION!!

JANUARY 20 BALLS

January 20 is the night of their Inaugural Balls for Dicky Nixon. We should all try to drop by and ball at the balls. The time is right for dancing in the street. The Balls will be held in the following places: MAYFLOWER HOTEL (Conn. Ave and De Sales St. NW); SHERATON PARK 9 (2660 Conn. Ave. NW); SHOREHAM (2500 Calvert St. NW, Remember Chicago!!); SMITHSONIAN (between 9th and 12th on Jefferson Dr.); WASHINGTON HILTON (1919 Conn. Ave NW). Try to make at least one of the Balls. PUT 'EM ALL UPTIGHT!!!!

We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.
(Declaration of Independence)



For more information see WASHINGTON FREE PRESS.